The Beaver

WINTER 1966

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These Eskimo syllabics stand for "Building a Snow House"—the subject of this woodcut done by 13-year-old Doris Ehakataitok, of Cambridge Bay, N.W.T.

It reflects the spirit of the vast Canadian northland where the men of the Hudson's Bay Company still provide a unique service for the people of this remote area.

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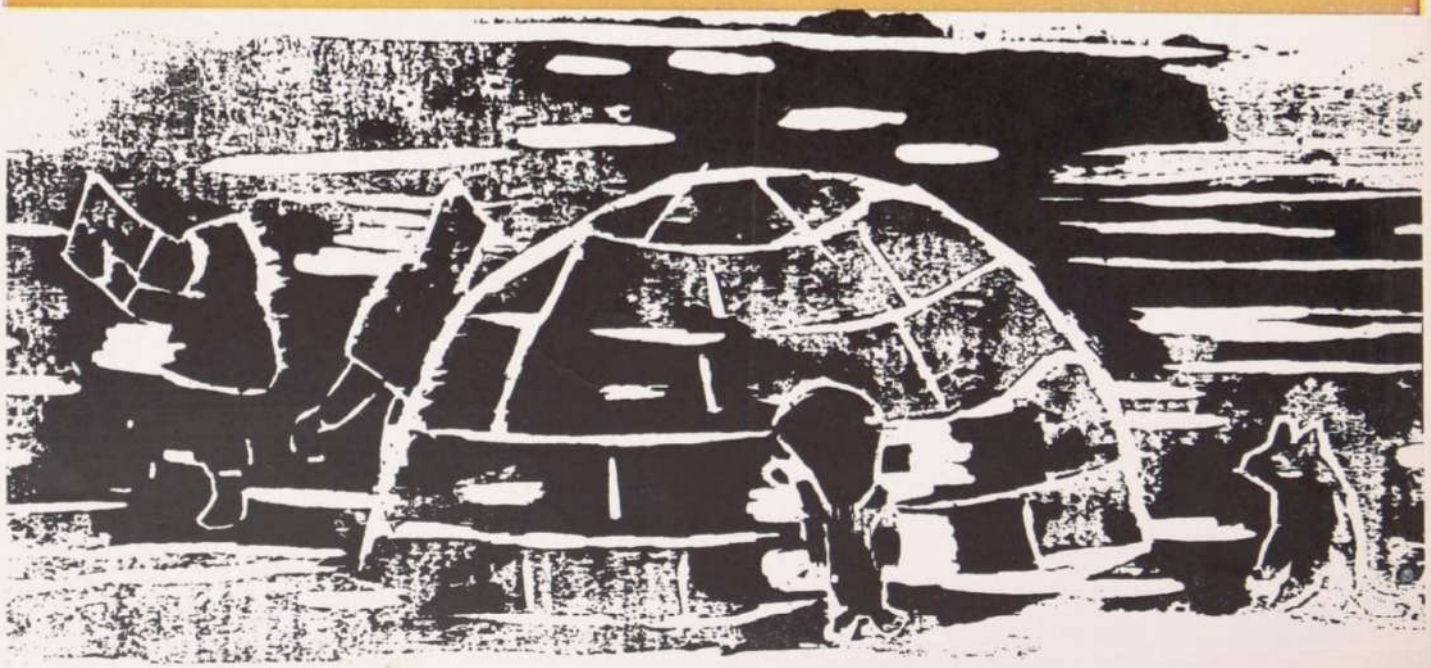

The Beaver

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HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE WINNIPEG 1, CANADA

GOLD on Queen Charlotte's Island

BY BESSIE DOAK HAYNES

DURING THE YEARS 1851-53 there occurred on the west coast of Canada a series of bizarre events which have been little noted. It all began when news reached Fort Simpson that gold had been discovered on Queen Charlotte's Island.

On 17 August 1850 Governor James Douglas reported to the Hudson's Bay Company in London that Chief Factor John Work had informed him that "the natives of Queen Charlotte's island had discovered gold on the west side of the island, near Englefield Bay and Cape Henry, and that an Indian had brought specimens to Fort Simpson . . ." Work received from Indians "two pieces of gold, nearly pure, weighing 4½ and 1½ ounces, and a piece of auriferous quartz."

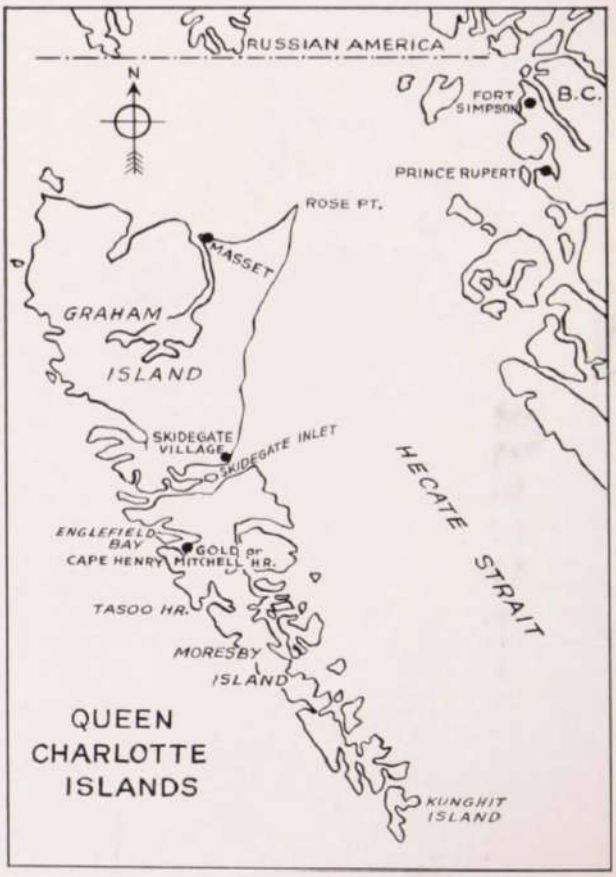
On 13 May 1851 Work went to Englefield Bay in a canoe with a small native crew. They made four blasts in the rocks and returned to Fort Simpson on May 29th. Work also sent an expedition of Indians under Pierre Legarre (or Legace) to Queen Charlotte's Island. They failed to reach the site of the gold mines but did establish that the "island" was really a group of islands.

In the summer of 1851 the Company sent Captain Mitchell on the *Una* with Chief Factor Work, Chief Trader W. H. McNeill and "eight additional hands to strengthen the crew," to the site. They remained five days and made two blasts, but found nothing. Work reported that "the most of what the Indians have got was found among the loose stones . . . the largest pieces farthest down below the high-water mark". The Indians offered to sell two pieces, but at an enormous price, the larger one weighing one pound, eleven ounces; the other about six ounces, both nearly pure.

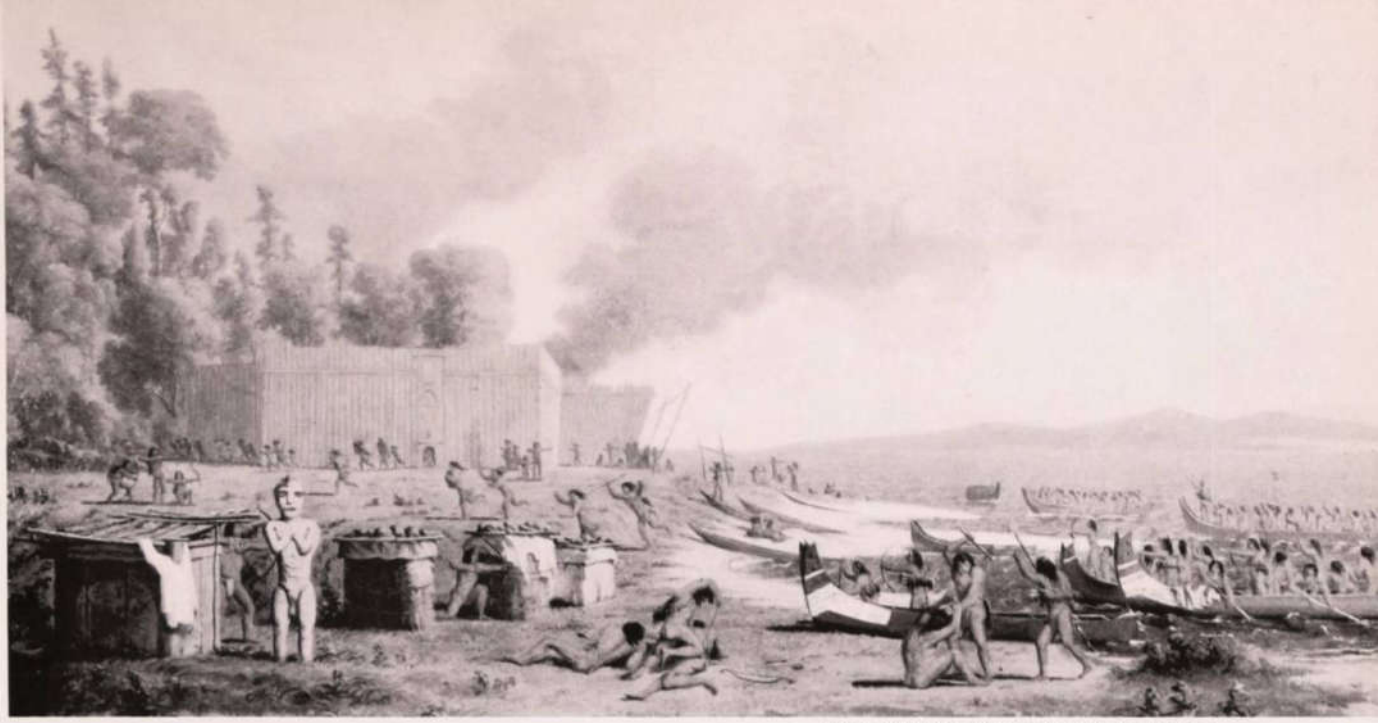
In the autumn of 1851 the *Oregon Spectator* carried an announcement, signed by A. M. Poe, of the Queen Charlotte gold strike:

> Mr. Editor:—By the arrival this morning of the sloop "Geo. Anna," Capt. Rowland, from Vancouver's Island, we have very interesting news from the Gold Mines on Queen Charlotte's islands. Captain Rowland brings some beautiful specimens of virgin gold and gold bearing quartz, the latter of the richest quality that I ever saw. According to the accounts of Capt. Rowland, who is a gentleman of veracity and experience, the mines on Queen Charlotte's island are equal, if not superior to anything of the kind yet discovered. The gold is found on the surface of the ground near the beach, and is dug by the Natives in great quantities, without anything like a pick or shovel—having nothing but such tools as they can make themselves, they manage to get from two to eight ounces per day. They are very friendly to the whites and are anxious to have them come and trade and dig with them. Queen Charlotte's island can be reached from here [Olympia] with ordinary weather in about seven days.

Since the major portion of Oregon's male population had only recently returned from the California gold fields, the report of a new strike created a sensation. On 7 November the *Oregon Spectator* reported the departure from Portland of the schooner *Exact*, with an American



Mrs Haynes is a writer living in the state of Washington who has made a special study of the history of the northwest coast.



ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

An attack on a Clallum settlement by Makah Indians of the Neah Bay area where the 'Una' under Captain William Mitchell (left) was wrecked and pillaged. Paul Kane, the artist, arrived in the village in 1847 a few months after the battle took place.

expedition to Queen Charlotte Island "composed principally of men belonging to Oregon, who have gone for the double purpose of testing the truthfulness of the previously received reports as to the existence of gold in large quantities on that island, and at the same time 'make a raise' for themselves; which, from the reports promise to be a sure thing."

The *Una* had returned to Mitchell's Harbour on 20 October. The Company men commenced blasting the rock at the old place and followed the vein of quartz deeply impregnated with gold up the mountain. But they were obliged to leave off blasting, Capt McNeill reported, and return to Fort Simpson "on account of annoyance we experienced from the natives," who took at least half of the gold blasted out of the rocks, drew their knives on the men and stole some tools.

On her return trip to Victoria, the *Una* was wrecked at Neah Bay in the strait of Juan de Fuca and burnt by the Makah Indians. Details of this disaster appeared in the Portland *Weekly Oregonian* in a report from Cowlitz Farms dated 16 January 1852:

> Despatches arrived [at Puget's Sound] a few days ago from Victoria, announcing the total loss of the "Una." She was driven ashore on Neah Island in a gale of wind Christmas night, though riding with two anchors down.
>
> The American vessel the "Susanna," was anchored in Neah Bay at the time. The master, Hoffington, promptly and readily rendered every assistance in his power, and took Capt. Mitchell and his people on board, as well as what cargo was in the "Una." The natives shortly after set her afire, either by accident or design. She was burnt to the water's edge, before the party left. She had been driven on the rocks, so that no hope remained of getting her off, had she not been burned.
>
> The "Una" had twenty men aboard, who had gone to Queen Charlotte Island for the purpose of working the gold mines; but they remained only three days—the natives refused to let them.
>
> There is a report here, that nine of the shipwrecked party in the hands of the Indians of Queen Charlotte's island, have been brought back by the party recently organized in the Sound for that purpose. There is no authoritative information, however, on the subject. . . .

As the *Una* was wrecked on the south side of the Strait, the American Indian Agent asked for a report on the burning of the ship and ill treatment of the crew by the Indians in order that punitive measures might be taken. In a reply from Governor James Douglas, dated 11 February, which was read into the records of Congress in December 1852, it was stated that the affair had been satisfactorily settled. The Indians themselves sent a

The village of Skidegate as it was in 1878.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

B.C. ARCHIVES

Chief John of the Queen Charlotte Islands Haidas, possibly a descendant of the Chief John who piloted the unlucky vessel 'Georgianna.'

deputation to Victoria offering restitution of the property taken and an annual payment of oil afterwards. The property was duly delivered and it was learnt that the chief, who had not been present when the *Una* was wrecked, had taken drastic measures with the plunderers, having ten of them shot and one buried alive. "Those barbarous acts—the result of their own uninfluenced deliberations—evince the sincerity of their repentence, and we have, in consequence, renewed peaceful relations with the tribe" wrote Douglas.

The shipwrecked party referred to by the writer of the despatch in the *Oregonian* were the passengers and crew of the *Georgianna*, which had organized an expedition at Olympia. The members of this party experienced two harrowing months among the Haidas after running aground on the east side of Queen Charlotte island. This event received greater publicity in contemporary newspapers and more frequent mention in subsequently published histories than any other incident connected with the Queen Charlotte gold rush.

Bancroft says that the *Georgianna*, on her outbound voyage from Olympia, was met by Captain Lafayette Balch, of the *Demaris Cove*. A '49er himself, Balch promised to sail to Queen Charlotte's Island as soon as he should have met his brig, the *George Emory*, inbound

Captain Lafayette Balch of the 'Demaris Cove' who ransomed the shipwrecked Americans.

with the newly appointed United States Collector of Customs, Colonel Simpson P. Moses. Learning at the island that the *Georgianna* had been wrecked and her crew and passengers taken prisoner, he returned to Olympia where he appealed to Collector Moses to organize a rescue expedition. The collector conferred with Captain Hill, in charge of the small American force at Fort Steilacoom, and with Chief Factor John Work. Work told Moses that the Indians could not be prevailed upon to bring their captives to Fort Simpson in such inclement weather. Moses then decided to charter the *Demaris Cove* and send her north under Captain Balch's command. Lieutenant Dement, with a corporal and five men from Fort Steilacoom went along, the lieutenant armed with a letter of credit to purchase from Fort Simpson blankets and whatever else was needed to procure the release of the prisoners. The relief party sailed on December 9th, returning on January 31st with the men from the *Georgianna*. The *Oregonian* for 6 March reported a public meeting held at Olympia early in February at which Captain George Moore, a passenger in the *Georgianna*, read the following log:

Nov. 18—Fresh southerly winds and cloudy. 3 p.m. a canoe came along side with a chief named John, who produced a character from the Hudson's Bay Company, recommending him as a pilot, and a pretty good Indian. At 4 p.m. entered a bay, at latitude 52 degrees 1 min. The pilot pointed out the anchorage, which the captain refused to go to. I then tried to point out the danger of anchoring in the place we were in; he insisted upon it, and brought to in two fathoms and a half water . . . 9 p.m. Called the captain on deck as I thought the vessel could not last long. I advised him to run for a better anchorage which he refused to do, as he had confidence in his ground tackle. Midnite, gale increasing with heavy hail storm.

19th—1st hour, 30 min. a.m. The vessel broke adrift—the crew exerted themselves to the utmost to try and get sail on the vessel but to no avail; everything blew away as fast as it was set; the ship striking heavily . . . but making no water; the sea making a complete break over her. Finding it impossible to do anything, we went below to save ourselves from exposure. The greatest order and coolness was observed by all on board and I can safely say that I did not hear a murmur throughout the trying occasion, but all seemed determined to do their duty like men. . . . At daybreak went on deck; and got Tamarac, one of the crew, to take a rope on shore—the Indians beginning to collect on the beach. At 8 a.m. cut away the mast. The ship bilged and fell immediately. The captain and part of the passengers went on shore by the wreck of the mast, being followed by others. At 10 a.m. vessel drifted along the rocks a short distance, and seeing all hopes of saving her gone, I advised the remainder of the passengers and crew to get on shore immediately, which they commenced to do. At noon all had landed. The Indians, taking advantage of our exhausted condition after coming through the surf, plundered us of our caps, weapons, and such clothing as they could pull

GLENBOW FOUNDATION, CALGARY

Fort Simpson, H B C post on the mainland which kept in contact with activities on the Queen Charlottes, from a 19th century painting by G. S. Brodie.

off of us. The Indians had by this time increased to the number of one hundred fifty, and threatened us with their knives and tommahawks. The Indian John offered us the shelter of his house, if we would abandon the wrecked ship, which, considering our helpless condition, we were compelled to accept. Captain Rowland and four of the party went across the bay to John's house to get canoes to take the rest across. . . .

20th—Strong SE breeze, and cloudy. At 9 a.m. the remainder of the party crossed the bay in two canoes, and were well received at John's house. In the afternoon Capt. Rowland tried to get John to take us to Fort Simpson, which he would not do unless we would build him a house 36 feet square, in the same manner as the Hudson's Bay Company house, which the company refused to do, considering it as the first step towards slavery. After a long conversation, John agreed to furnish us with a scanty supply of bad provisions until a favorable opportunity occurred to send an express to Fort Simpson. From the 20th of November to the 4th of December we had a succession of heavy east gales, with passing showers of rain. Passed the time in the most miserable manner, and received great annoyance from the Indians, over whom the chief seemed to have but little power.

On the 25th and again on December 5th notes were sent to Mitchell Harbour. The log continued:

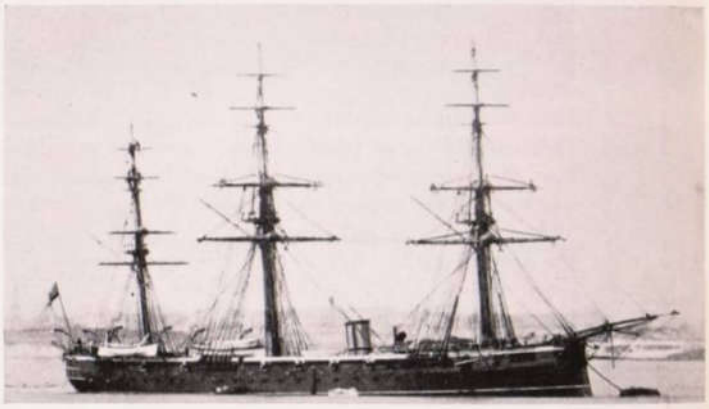
Dec. 6th—Light breeze from the westward and clear weather. Got John to send a canoe with seven Indians to Fort Simpson. Mr. Howe, and four of the crew going with them. They were five days reaching the fort, and were not received there with the welcome they had hoped for. Captain McNeil, who had commanded the "Beaver" when Wilkes was at Nisqually, was in charge, and, although he provided them with food and clothing, he seemed in no hurry to send for their suffering companions. He promised to send, but made no seeming attempt to do so. The Indians in the neighborhood of the fort were threatening to make war on the Haidahs, and he seemed to be more anxious for his own safety than to relieve those who were in more imminent danger, although they were people of his own kind. Four weeks elapsed before he was ready to send to their relief, and meantime he required his visitors to stand guard at night in compensation for the relief already furnished them.

In the meantime, the men held captive by the Haidas were suffering for want of clothing at a time of year when showers, passing snow storms and hard frosts were in order. Provisions were getting scarce and the Indians were "very overbearing". The Americans were housed in a building about seventy by forty feet in size and twelve feet high, built of slabs split from cedar trees, and inhabited also by ten Indian families of five to eight persons each, together with their dogs and their inseparable complement of fleas. As most of their clothing had been taken from them, they suffered from the cold.

One member of the party had some ability as an entertainer and, because of this, received more consideration than any of the others. But he began to regret showing off his accomplishments when a very ancient woman adopted him as her son and insisted in masticating his food before she permitted him to eat it. When the captives were finally ransomed, all of the Indians wanted this man exempted, the old woman being particularly reluctant to let him go.

At long last, on January 11th, a schooner was sighted which proved to be the *Demaris Cove* with the rescue party from Olympia. So all got home alive. Five blankets were given for each American. So was terminated an incident which, as the *Oregon Spectator* put it, "had been reported under very sinister aspects for want of information. . . ."

But the Queen Charlotte gold rush was not over; neither were the depredations of the Haida pirates. On 31 January the *Oregonian* added fuel to the fire by reporting that a "quantity of gold" had been brought from the island by one of the crew of the *Una*, the gold being "of the richest quality we have ever seen". The story went on to say that "this person says he obtained an ounce in half an hour by the use of a cold chisel only". He reported the Indians very hostile towards the whites and particularly towards the Americans.



The naval frigate 'Thetis' was sent in '52 to maintain order at Gold Harbour which her captain named Mitchell Harbour in honour of the H B C captain.

SAN FRANCISCO MARITIME MUSEUM

Nothing definite had been heard from the *Exact* since her departure from the Columbia river the previous November, but this did not prevent the organization of other expeditions. In April and May six vessels sailed north from San Francisco and the Columbia River. A party of forty men left Puget Sound early in February and others were reportedly preparing to follow. One of these groups must have been on the *Eagle* which returned to the Sound in June. The *Oregonian* reported the results of this expedition as follows:

The narrows in Skidegate Inlet which separate the two main islands, through which Gold Harbour on the west coast could be reached.

B.C. PROVINCIAL MUSEUM

The company who went to Queen Charlotte's Island on the brig "Eagle," have returned to Puget's Sound. We learn that the expedition resulted in an entire failure; the company being able to obtain no gold of any consequence, except what they traded with the Indians for, at quite double its value. They have no doubt that there are large quantities of gold on the island from the fact that some of the Indians are possessed of large amounts. . . .

In March 1852 Governor Douglas fitted out the H B C schooner *Recovery*, Capt Mitchell, for the mines, with five officers and about forty men under Chief Trader J. F. Kennedy. Kennedy reported this operation "very unproductive". No gold was found except at the rock at Mitchell's Harbour where the vein was soon exhausted.

This same month the American schooner *Exact* returned to Victoria. The Portland *Oregonian* for April 30 published a letter written from Olympia, where the ship put in for supplies and tools, which read in part:

We arrived here last night, all well, having had a hard winter, but bound to try it again.

We found the right place, and think there is plenty of gold there but we had neither the proper tools or sufficient force to contend with the Indians. We made only one blast, and from that we found we would have to fight for what we got, and we thought the better part of valor was to get more strength.

We have seen more of Queen Charlotte's island than white men ever have before. We have been in many harbors, and on many of the high mountains, and have seen several beautiful water falls from inland lakes. . . . We were several times for weeks wind bound in different harbours, and did not see any Indians except in Gold Harbor, where we saw about 160. . . . They have been spoiled by the Hudson's Bay Company, and want in barter more than twice the value of their gold. We saw considerable lumps in the hands of the Indians which they stole from the crew of the "Una" when they blasted."

The influx of Americans lead to the despatch by Admiral Moresby of H.M.S. *Thetis* under Captain Kuper to Mitchell Harbour to maintain order and safeguard British interests. She arrived in June while the *Recovery* was still there enabling Captain Kuper to exchange information with Mitchell and Kennedy.

In September 1852 there arrived at Olympia, two members of a party of four who had made their way in an open boat from Queen Charlotte's Island, "whither they had been lured, like many others, in the hope of securing an ample treasure of the precious 'oro' . . . but after nine week's laborious and fruitless search . . . they embarked for the Sound". They were fifteen days in reaching Whidbey's Island, having a hair-raising encounter with a large group of Indians on Vancouver Island.

The Haida were to become even more brash. The Olympia *Columbian* carried an account on 1 January 1853 of the seizure and destruction of the schooner *Susan Sturges* and "the outrageous treatment of the crew by the Queen Charlotte Indians during the month of September last." Chief Trader McNeill in his despatch from Fort Simpson to The Board of Management, Hon. H. B. Coy, Fort Victoria on 7 November 1852 referred to this incident:

On the 29th last month Captain Rooney and his mate were brought here by a "Chatsena" Canoe from Queen Charlotts Island. Their Vessel the "Susan Sturges" under American Colours, but owned by British Subjects had been taken on the 26th [of September] by the natives of "Massett" on said Island, she was plundered and burnt, no lives were lost on the occation, and she had $1500 on board in Gold and Silver and a complete trading outfit all of which fell into the hands of the natives. Her crew but seven all told.

In the 1870s the Haidas from Mitchell Harbour, or Gold Harbour as it is now again called, moved to an island in Skidegate Inlet where they established the village of New Gold Harbour, seen at left in a Maynard photo of the 80s. Two of the residents are seen below, the woman wearing a labret in her lower lip.

A few days since three men of the crew were brought here by a Canoe despatched by us expressly for them.

For the Captain and his men we have been obliged to pay Indian Goods &c as per Account now forwarded. They were all completely naked when they came here we of course had to clothe them from head to foot, and rationed them the same as our own men. The Captain, mate, and three men, of the late Susan Sturges will go on board the Steamer as passengers to Fort Victoria.

Masset, where the *Susan Sturges* was captured was on the north shore of the islands, a considerable distance from Gold Harbour. The Olympia *Columbian* reported that the Indians made slaves of the Americans and went on to say:

. . . Information concerning the transaction was communicated to the Hudson's Bay Company trader stationed at Ft. Simpson, and with commendable promptness that company's agent despatched the steamer "Beaver" in charge of Mr. Work, a gentleman connected with that post, for the

purpose of rendering such assistance and succor as circumstances might warrant. Mr. Work succeeded in effecting the release of all but one of the crew, and brought them safely to Victoria, Vancouver's Island. The Indians peremptorily refused to surrender a certain *One* of the party, and it was thought that he has been butchered by them ere this time. . . ."

The continued influx of American gold-seekers and the hostile attitude of the Indians aroused considerable concern in London. As there seemed to be some chance that the Americans might stake a claim, at the suggestion of the Colonial Office Governor Douglas was commissioned in September 1852 as Lieutenant-Governor of Queen Charlotte Islands, to establish his authority. The following March Douglas lost no time in asserting the right of the Crown to any gold that might be found there and followed this proclamation by fixing a miner's licence fee of ten shillings a month, payable in advance and obtainable only at Victoria. In the end, however, it was the ferocity of the Indians, and lack of gold, that proved the most effectual deterrent to the American invasion.

Interest in the gold mines continued intermittently until the end of the decade, when discovery of gold in the Cariboo promised more fruitful operations. In 1853 a San Francisco company sought a permit to develop the gold at Queen Charlotte Islands but nothing seems to have come of this.

In July 1859 William Downie, a California miner and explorer, started from Victoria with twenty-seven miners, arriving at Gold Harbour on 6 August. In a letter addressed to Governor Douglas in October Downie reported on the prospecting of his party. They found nothing but a few surface specks of gold and came to the conclusion that the earlier discovery had been an offshoot or "blow", a freak often found in mining areas. Downie's party found coal country along Skidegate Inlet so knew it was useless to look for gold.

At about this same time a party under Captain Torrens also went to Queen Charlotte Islands to prospect. Landing at the village of Skidegate Inlet, they were nearly murdered by the Indians who believed they had come to rob them of their land. One of the chiefs took the white men's part, however, and helped them to get back into their canoes. With Indians shooting from the shore, the party hurriedly made their way to Fort Simpson. Later a deputation of Indians from Gold Harbour requested Captain Torrens to return to the Queen Charlottes. The party had no more success there than Downie and soon refused to stay any longer. Two of Torren's men had gone from Fort Simpson with Chief Edensaw to the northern islands, whence they brought back ore revealing copper, sulphuret of iron and gold, but no blasting was done.

By this time the Fraser River gold rush was well under way and apparently no further prospecting was conducted among the belligerent Haidas of the Queen Charlottes. A final survey made by G. M. Dawson of the Geological Survey of Canada in the 1880s-90s confirmed the conclusions of Downie and Torrens that the Gold Harbour (or Mitchell Harbour) find was a small vein that soon ran out in every direction. ◆

The village of Masset where the Haidas captured the 'Susan Sturges' and her crew and held them for ransom. HBC

THE LAST BATTLE

by Bruce Peel

drawings by Norman Yates

CHIEF PASQUA and his young men were restless. His band of Plains Cree were reservation Indians now, expected to earn their living by tilling the soil. In the spring of the previous year, 1879, the Indian Department had supplied Pasqua and his band with 93½ bushels of potatoes, five bushels of barley, six of corn, and some garden seeds. All their lives the Indians had filled their bellies with choice buffalo meat; now they were expected to subsist on a diet of potatoes. And to introduce these erstwhile nomads to the art of husbandry, the department had supplied them with two hoes, nine scythes, and as many whetstones. Breaking the tough and fibrous prairie sod with hoes was, to say the least, discouraging toil. Womens' work.

No wonder that Chief Pasqua and his young men were restless.

Chief Pasqua, whose name meant The Prairie, rode along the valley of the Qu'Appelle, in what is now southern Saskatchewan, from his reserve on the Upper Fishing Lake into Fort Qu'Appelle. It was a July day in 1880 when he rode in to see the Indian Agent, Captain Allen McDonald. Pasqua asked McDonald for rations that he and some of his friends might travel to the Missouri River, there to visit among the American Indians. Indian Agent McDonald said that Pasqua and his young warriors would only get into mischief in American territory. Pasqua was refused rations.

Some weeks later, while McDonald was absent paying out the annual treaty money to the Indian bands of the agency, Pasqua tried again. It had occurred to the chief that the Mounted Police officer left in charge, Sergeant Sam Steele (later General Sir Sam Steele), would be an easy mark. Unfortunately for the success of Pasqua's plan, he had failed to notice when he made his original request that Steele was among the white men standing about. Steele, knowing McDonald's sentiments on the matter of rations, bluntly turned down Pasqua's request. The chief stalked off in a huff.

The little party of Indians who rode up the coulee leading out of the deep Qu'Appelle Valley had the numerical compactness of a horse-stealing party. Rations or no rations, Pasqua and his young braves were riding south across the plains toward the Missouri.

Pasqua and his party visited the Mandan tribe on the Fort Berthold Agency in Dakota Territory. The Mandans, who had once lived in populous stockaded villages of mud houses lower down the Missouri Valley, had been ravaged by wave after wave of smallpox until the miserable remnant had fled up the valley further from contact with the Whites. In 1880 they numbered 223. For protection against their ancient enemy the Sioux, the Mandan Indians lived in close association with the Hidatsa, sometimes called Gros Ventre, and another tribe, the Arikara.

After enjoying the hospitality of the American Indians for several days, Pasqua and his warriors started on the 250-mile ride back to the Qu'Appelle. One day's travel from the Mandan camp, two of the young men, Pacquace and Mahingan-e-cap-on—either with or without the chief's consent—turned back to see what the chances were of horse-thievery. All they succeeded in purloining was one pony, iron-grey in colour. As the two thieves made away from the camp they came upon the horse guard, Walking Wolf. Knowing that he would raise the alarm, the Crees shot him.

The Mandans, on discovering Walking Wolf's body, suspected Pasqua and his party and started in pursuit. However, the Crees were well in advance and returned safely to their lair in the valley of the Qu'Appelle. The Mounted Police were unsympathetic towards Indian horse-stealing, and were known to be so lacking in sportsmanship as to return stolen horses to the original owners. For this reason Pasqua and his party came back to the reserve as unobtrusively as possible. It was not until many weeks later that the authorities learned of Pasqua's misdemeanours.

Meanwhile a war-party of Mandan and Gros Ventre, nearly fifty strong, were pushing their ponies in hot pursuit. The party crossed into Canada west of where the Souris River flows south across the boundary. On the banks of the river stood those limestone rocks known as Roche Percée, rocks weathered into grotesque shapes and marked with Indian pictographs. This spot was held in superstitious awe by the prairie tribes.

In the vicinity of Roche Percée the war-party came to a fork in the trail. One fork led northwest toward Pasqua's haunts, the other branched northeast toward the broken country known as Moose Mountain, and to the trading post of Fort Ellice beyond. The Mandans took the trail to the northeast, and had not gone far before they came upon an Indian encampment.

Mr Peel is librarian at the University of Alberta.

Attack on the Assiniboine encampment.

The encampment consisted of six lodges of Indians from Moose Mountain who were searching for the depleted buffalo herds. The buffalo had almost completely disappeared from Canadian soil by this date. In the camp were nine Assiniboine warriors of the Totomikas (Ocean Man) band and two Saulteaux of the Wap-pee-makwa (White Bear) band, accompanied by their women and children—some thirty Indians in all. The hunters' camp was drowsing in the peace of a September midday. Since the Mounted Police now enforced an uneasy peace on the Canadian tribes, Indian encampments were no longer as vigilant and alert to the danger of attack.

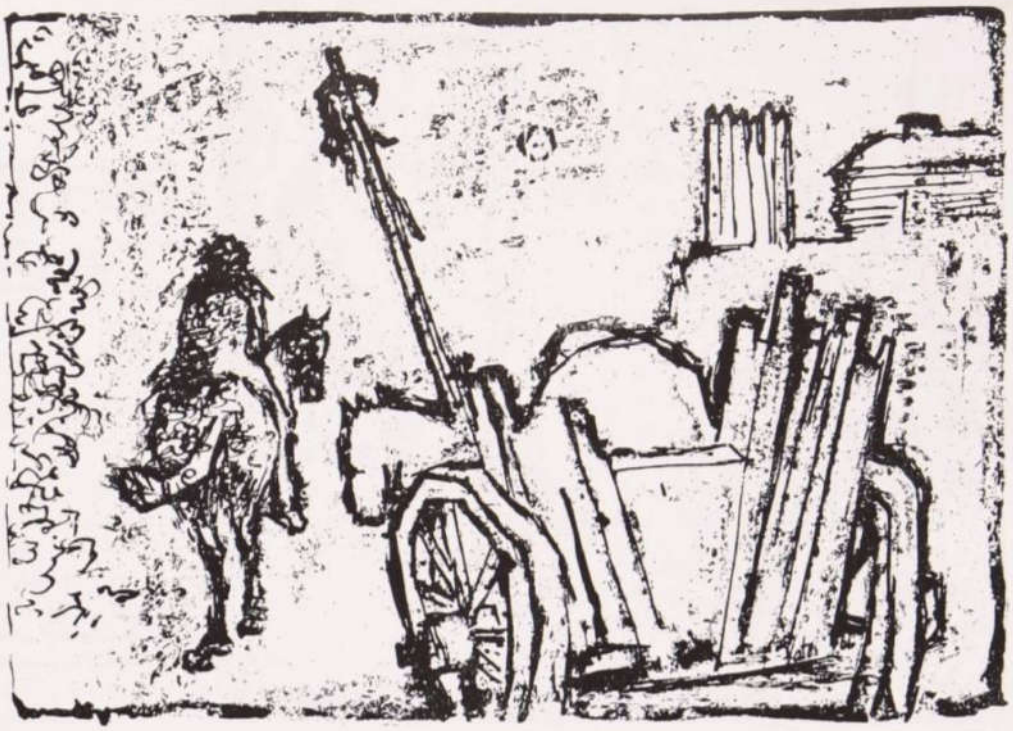
The American war-party halted on the trail and asked to what tribe the encampment belonged. A hunter, Ocean Man's brother, answered "Assiniboine", and the war-party appeared about to pass on. But one of the two Saulteaux hunters cried out either "Some of us are Saulteaux" or "Where are you going?" (After the battle no one was sure which remark had touched it off.) As he spoke in the Cree tongue, the American Indians suspected that the encampment might be sheltering some of that tribe. No sooner had the Saulteaux spoken than he was perforated by bullets. The others scattered.

The Mandans and Gros Ventres were armed with Spencer repeating rifles, and began a murderous fire on the camp. The buffalo-skin tipis afforded scant protection from the rain of bullets. The Assiniboines and Saulteaux took what shelter they could behind their Red River carts. Frantically they scooped shallow pits or trenches. Unfortunately the camp was on low marshy ground with a high water table. The pits filled with water almost as fast as they were dug. The bodies of dead horses offered the best shields from the withering fire.

Although the Assiniboines had only flint-locks with which to reply to the fire of the American Indians, they taught the latter a healthy respect for their marksmanship. The American Indians retired to the shelter of a small ridge, and from there launched their charges throughout the day. The air reverberated with the wild war-whoops of the Indians, the staccato of repeating rifles and the uneven replies of smooth-bores.

One Mandan warrior came galloping down on the encampment only to have his pony shot from under him, and to be himself shot as he lay stunned by the fall. A leading Assiniboine brave ran out and lifted the Mandan's scalp, his rifle and his cartridge belt. Back under cover, the Assiniboine, being short of ammunition, tried to push in the cap of a Spencer cartridge for the purpose of obtaining powder to prime his flint-lock. The cartridge exploded, shattering his left hand.

The fighting lasted all day and throughout the night. Then the Mandans and their Gros Ventre allies broke off the battle, and drove away all the horses belonging to the besieged camp. The American Indians carried with them most of their casualties. They had five warriors killed and six others wounded.



Pete-e-way-quan-a-ass and his wife approach Fort Ellice.

The Assiniboines and Saulteaux had suffered heavy casualties. Eight of their number had been killed: three warriors, two women, and three children. Among the dead were the two Saulteaux men, heads of lodges. More than a dozen Indians had been wounded.

The survivors of the attack, many of them wounded, were 150 miles from the nearest help, Fort Ellice to the northeast. Their attackers, by driving off their horses, had left them afoot. The Indians had to abandon their carts and other possessions, and begin the weary march to Ellice. Twenty days later the last of the straggling band limped into that outpost of civilization situated on the plain overlooking the deep Assiniboine Valley.

One young woman suffered a broken arm, yet she carried a child of eighteen months all the way. Another young woman was shot in the thigh, but she reached the fort. Tip-e-cut, or "The Night," was severely wounded by a ball which had entered his chin and lodged in the back of his jaw. He fell behind on the march. His wife, who also was wounded, and who had a papoose to care for, remained with him as long as she could. When she had been without food for three days she could endure the pangs of hunger no longer. She pushed on toward the fort, and left her husband to proceed as best he could. The Tip-e-cuts all arrived safely.

At Fort Ellice the refugees received but little medical aid, for the trading post did not boast a doctor. Travellers left vivid accounts of the pitiful condition of the Indians camped outside the palisades. To cheer the wounded, half the scalp of a Mandan, decorated with ribbons and feathers, waved in the breeze from the top of a pole. The other half of the scalp had been sent to Indian friends at Portage la Prairie as proof of the Assiniboines' prowess.

One other scalp was brought in as a trophy. After the battle a Saulteaux trader named Pete-e-way-quan-a-ass came upon the scene of desolation, the dead Indians and horses, the riddled tipis, and the scattered carts and provisions. Among the dead lying on the prairie were his parents. On the battlefield also lay an American Indian under a fallen pony. Pete-e-way-quan-a-ass took the Mandan's scalp, not to mention his saddle.

Pete-e-way-quan-a-ass and his wife formed a touching little cavalcade as they rode up to Fort Ellice. The scalp of the enemy decorated a pole attached to the frame of the Red River cart in which the woman rode. The Saulteaux himself was on horseback, riding a few paces in front, and as he rode along he sang a war-song describing how he had scalped one of the dwellers in the mud houses.

Pete-e-way-quan-a-ass' quavering song faded on the autumn air, and with it part of the old way of life on the prairies. Few Indians would have occasion again to sing the scalp song. For the Indians the days of raids to steal women and cayuses were over. The fight of 5 September 1880 was the last battle between Indian tribes on Canadian soil. ◆

Grey Nuns Voyage to Red River

by Robert George Barclay

THE GREAT ADVENTURE really began on 13 September 1843. In the big Mother House of the Sisters of Charity, the Grey Nuns of Montreal, the day had started as usual with prayers in the Chapel, and after breakfast, the sisters had gone to their allotted tasks and the Mother Superior to her office. It was now approaching the hour of eleven, when all the Sisters again assembled in the Chapel, and the Mother Superior thought there was time for a quick look around to make sure that everything was in order. From the kitchen came pungent odours from the great copper kettles full of the produce of the garden—there would be great jars of fruit and pickles for the winter eating. From the garden came snatches of conversation and quiet laughter as Sister Valade and her helpers tended the last flowers and fruits. From the classroom, the voices of the children were raised in song. Was that not the tune of one of the old river songs she had been forbidden to sing when she was a child? But of course, Sister Lagrave had written new words for it. How the children loved the tunes they had learnt from their fathers and brothers and uncles, the rollicking songs of the rivers and woods. But too often the words were unfit for small tongues and ears. She must admit that the tunes were better than the tunes of most of the hymns, which seemed too solemn for young folk who would become solemn all too soon. The sewing room was rather quiet, but as she glanced in the open door, there was again a lilt of laughter that betokened a happy house.

There came a knock on the door. Ever since the Order of the Grey Nuns was founded by the great-hearted Mother Marguerite d'Youville over a hundred years before, there had been many knocks on the door of the Mother House; nearly all people in trouble of some sort—the father of a sick child, the widow of a riverman who had failed to return from his last trip, the aged who were left alone, a native from across the river who had nearly severed his foot while cutting firewood. They all came to the Mother House for help, and none were turned away.

But this morning's visitor was Bishop Bourget of Montreal, well known to the House and the Sisters, and with him was a very tall priest in a worn and much mended cassock, and the face above the habit was also worn and lined as if it had seen much toil and suffering. But the eyes were bright and alive, and the voice was full and resonant, and when Bishop Bourget introduced his companion, she realized that at last she was meeting Joseph Norbert Provencher, Bishop of the far off St Boniface mission on the Red River whose work was so well known. She ushered her guests to her office, and there stayed until the bells rang for the mid-morning chapel.

This morning service was usually short so the Sisters could return to their tasks and it was usual after the prayers, to review the activities of the House so that all would know what was going on. The Sisters in charge of the kitchen, the garden, the workroom, the school, and the infirmary, discussed their problems and made their reports; but this morning, as soon as the service was finished, the Mother Superior rose and introduced their guest and asked him to tell the Sisters of his needs.

As he spoke, the eyes of the Sisters left the worn and mended gown and concentrated on the face and the voice of the priest. No longer was the face toil-worn and weary. As he told of the far off prairies, with their mile on mile of waving grass, with here and there clumps of wild rose, of the wild fruits of the river banks, of the birds and the bison, and of the scattered settlements of Métis and Indians, the walls of the little chapel receded and the Sisters caught something of the enchantment of that far land. Then he told them of the work of the all too few clergy, and of the need for teachers and schools for the children of the prairie. He gave them the history of his vain attempts over twenty years to fill these needs, in a land considered too wild for the gentle Sisters. He told them of the little school which had been started at St Boniface in 1829, with Miss Angelique Nolin, daughter of a former employee of the North West Company and an Indian mother, as the teacher in charge, and how eagerly

Mr Barclay writes and broadcasts historically based stories of early days in Canada.
Grateful acknowledgement for assistance in the preparation of this article is made to Miss E. Dubuc, Mr and Mrs Henri Lane, and other St Boniface historians.

Departure of the Grey Nuns from the Mother House in Montreal in 1844, from a painting in the Provincial House at St Boniface.

IRENE LANE

the girls had come, but after five years, Angelique had gone to another mission at Baie-St Paul where her knowledge of the Indian language was needed and with no other teacher available the school at St Boniface had been closed.

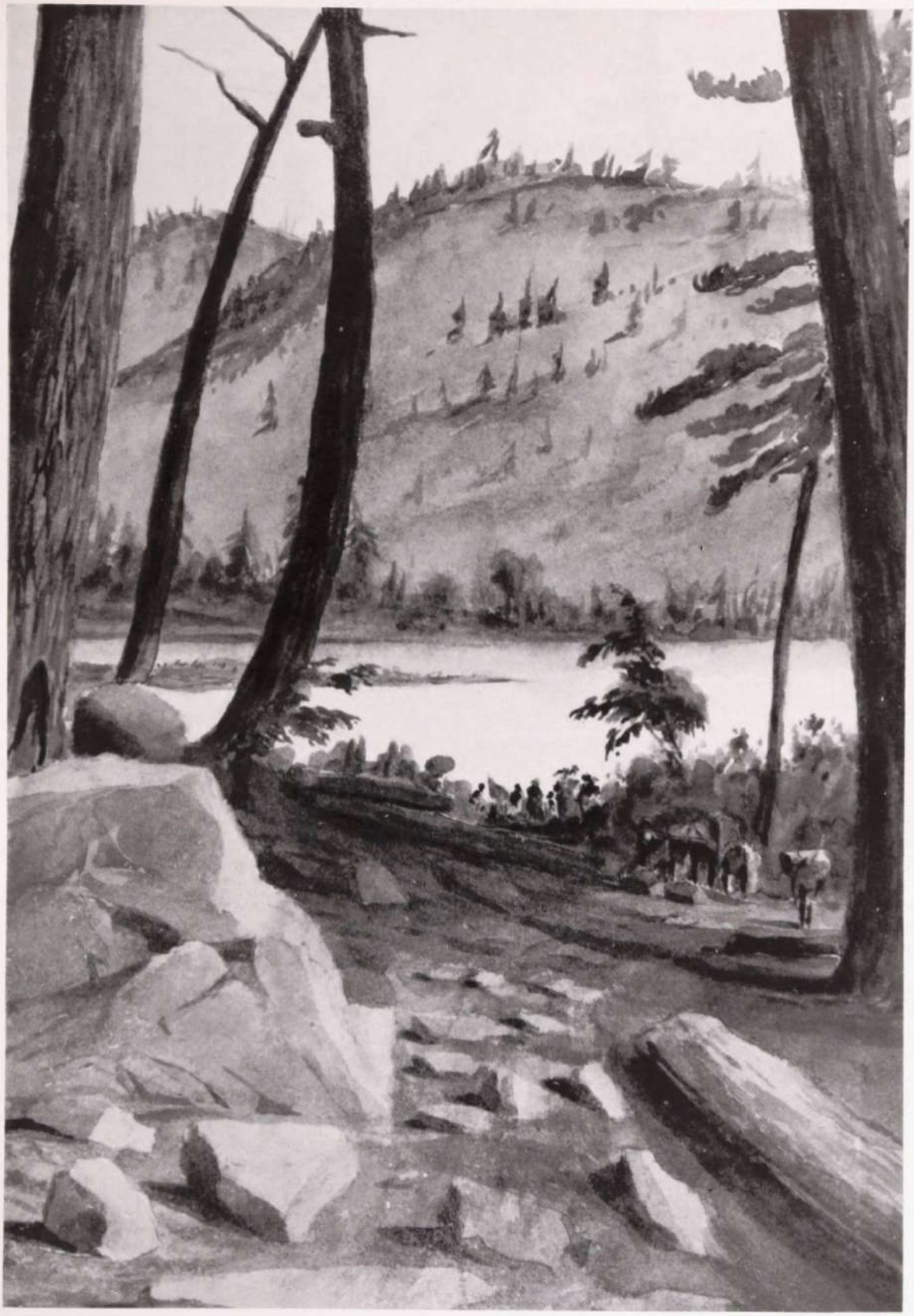
Now he was asking the Grey Nuns of Montreal to come to the Red River and help him in ministering to people who were in his care. When he had finished, he said that he did not expect an immediate answer, that this grave and serious decision would have to be made by the Council of the Order. But from the smiles and interest of the Sisters, he knew that his search was ended.

Bishop Provencher immediately got in touch with Bishop Signay in Quebec to arrange the necessary finances, and on the 19th of October he addressed a formal request to the Order that three Sisters be sent to the Red River. Three days later the Council met, and the proposal was approved without serious objection. But instead of the three nuns requested they would send four. When volunteers were asked for, of the thirty-eight Sisters resident in the Mother House, seventeen offered to leave the shelter of their home and make the long journey to the far-off unknown country.

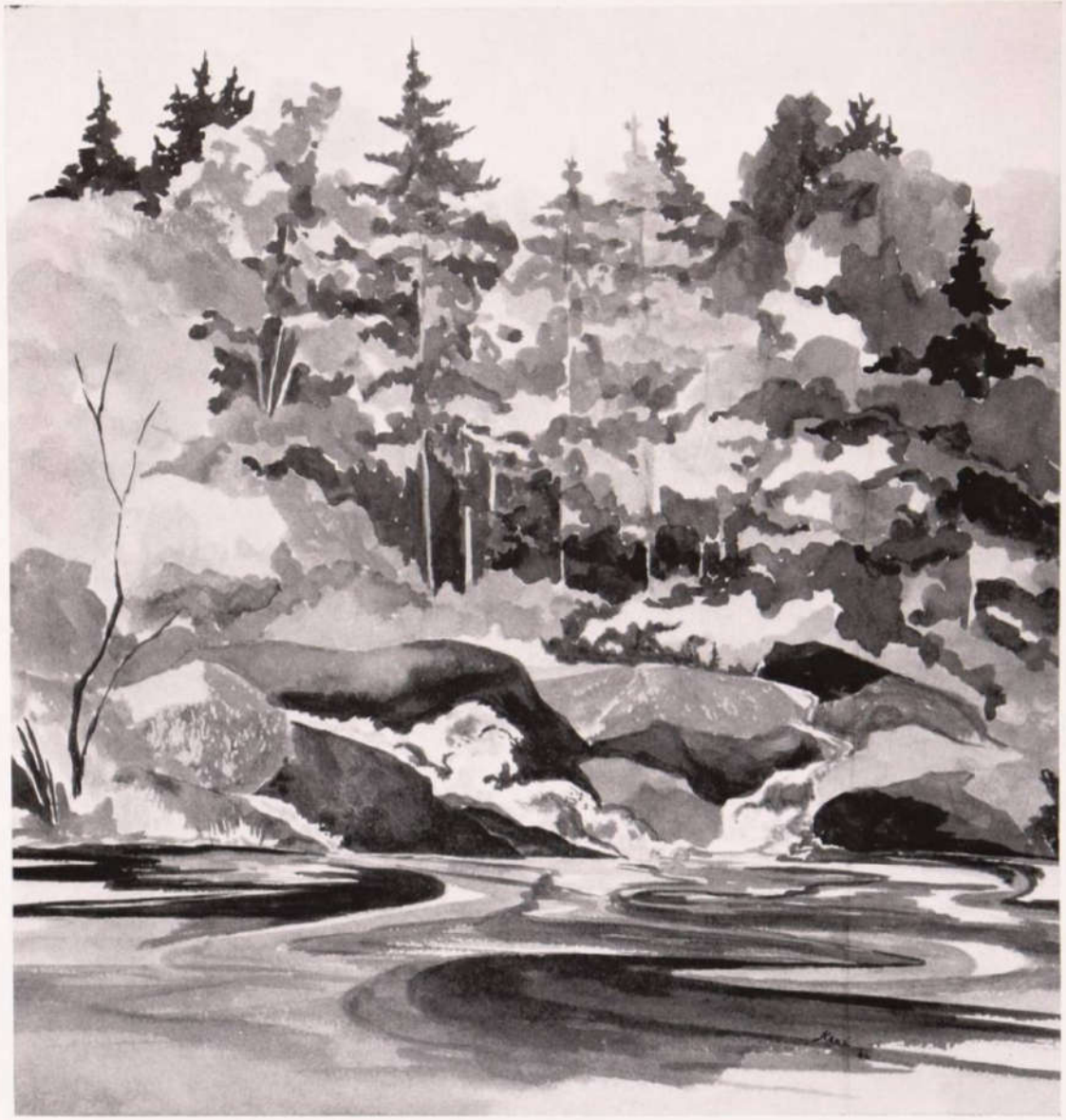
The details were soon settled. There was a money gift to the Order as a guarantee for the expenses of the new undertaking, and at St Boniface, a Convent or Mission House would be built to contain the school or class rooms, with enough land for a good garden, and in addition there would be a sizable farm. Mother McMullen chose Sister Marie-Louise Valade as the Mother Superior of the new Mission, as she was familiar with the administration of a religious house. Sister Marie-Eulalie Lagrave was chosen as assistant to Mother Valade. She was trained in nursing and in medicine, and in addition was in charge of the music and choir in Montreal. Sister Lagrave had a perpetual song on her lips and in her heart and though at 38 she was the oldest of the group, she could be counted on to make light of difficulties and greet the new life on the Red River with bubbling good humour; she would visit the parents or outdoor patients. To head the school and teach the children was little Sister Anastasie-Gertrude Coutlée, also known as Sister Saint-Joseph, the youngest of the party, (24), jolly and mischievous but never bored or upset and devoted to the small children she taught. These choices were announced to the expectant Sisters within a week, and the fourth was to be chosen by the Sisters themselves. They selected Sister Marie-Edwidge Lafrance who was small and frail but full of energy, forgetful but always ready to lend a hand in any task.

As the season was now late, it was decided that they would not depart until spring when the first of the brigades of the Hudson's Bay Company would be leaving for the west. Sir George Simpson agreed to look after their transportation and they would travel by the old

Portage along the Ottawa River, from a painting c. 1839 by P. J. Bainbrigge.



PUBLIC ARCHIVES



Rapids on the Kaministikwia above Fort William, on the voyageurs' highway to Red River.

RECENT DRAWING BY KAKI OGLE

fur-trade route, while their heavy baggage went by sea, first to England and then back through Hudson Bay and up the rivers and lakes to St Boniface.

All through the winter the preparations went on, and when the people of the city learnt of the impending departure many carriages stopped at the door of the Mother House to leave gifts for the Sisters and those they were going to serve.

A new costume was designed for the journey, as more appropriate for the rough days ahead. It consisted of a grey robe of homespun material with a "widow's bonnet", a large brown knitted shawl, and a head covering of grey wool with a long green veil. "Thus disguised" said Sister Lagrave, "we belonged neither to this world nor the next." But at last all was ready, and on Wednesday 24th April 1844, after a last Mass in the familiar Mother House, several carriages set out and the journey had begun. Mother McMullen and several Sisters and relatives drove with the travellers to Lachine, where Sir George Simpson received them and provided refreshments. Waiting at Dorval were two canoes and the voyageurs under the command of Captain Doré, who gave his crews a lecture on behaviour and language before they started. Each canoe was thirty-six feet long and five feet wide, and carried nearly two tons of cargo, packed in the familiar ninety pound bales which were the standard of the times. In addition there were the tents, provisions, paddles, gear, and the passengers and their personal belongings. In one canoe was Chief Trader Murdoch McPherson and his family, returning to his Hudson's Bay post in the far west, and in the other were the four Sisters. Just as the canoes were ready to start there was a sudden

storm, with rain, thunder and lightning, which reminded Sister Lagrave of the tears and lamentation of the Sisters they were leaving behind, and the new costumes received a thorough testing. But the sun came out and the dampness disappeared before they reached the little church at Ste Anne where it was usual for each crew to receive a final blessing before entering the swifter waters and rapids of the great Ottawa River. The next stop was at the rapids of Carillon, the first of many portages on the long trip ahead. Here they were entertained by Maurille Coutlée, the brother of Sister St-Joseph; but their visit was cut short by Captain Doré who was afraid that some of his boatmen might desert and return to Montreal. For nearly thirteen miles above Carillon, the course of the river was interrupted by a series of cascades and rapids, and here the Sisters got the first taste of the travelling that was to be their lot for many days to come. At the worst places, the canoe was emptied and carried by some of the crew, while others carried the cargo on their backs by means of a tumpline, the carrying strap that rests on the forehead. At other places, a décharge was made, the canoe emptied and towed or "lined" by a rope, and where the water was less turbulent but too swift for paddling, the cargo was left in the boat and the whole lined and poled past the obstruction. The Sisters, were probably glad to move from their cramped positions and walk at each portage or décharge, carrying their own personal belongings. While sitting in the canoe, they passed the time by saying their prayers, knitting, and in very smooth water, writing letters. And of course, in no time at all, Sister Lagrave was singing with the crew. A song with a good lilt helped the paddlers keep time, but sometimes the crew forgot the sermon of Captain Doré, and then suddenly stopped their song when they realized that some of the words they sang might be offensive to the good Sisters.

An hour after leaving the turbulent waters of the Carillon, night began to fall, and the two canoes pulled to a wooded cove on a sandy shore. Here a fire was built, and the small tent pitched for the Sisters. Soon there was a delectable odour from the pot as Sister Valade, among other accomplishments, was an excellent cook and made the best of the food that was carried, sometimes supplemented with fresh fish. As the stars came out, Sister Valade read the evening prayers and then the weary travellers sought the shelter of their tent and were soon settled for the night, with only the hoot of owl or cry of loon to disturb their slumbers.

It was noon on Saturday before they reached the portage at the Chaudière Falls which separated Bytown (Ottawa) and Wright's Village (Hull). Just before the canoes reached the foot of the rapids, they passed the beautiful Rideau, the curtain of water which falls a full forty feet into the Ottawa. Soon they were at the landing stage at Wright's Village, and Father Telmont came across the river from the little village of Bytown and was surprised when he saw who the passengers were and learnt their destination. But the portages of the Chaudière were long and steep, and it was nearly night when the weary crews put in at the little settlement of Aylmer. Camp was quickly made, and the next morning, Sunday, the Sisters and the crews attended High Mass at the Church and the whole congregation came down to the landing to see

Encampment of a canoe party shown in a painting by Frances Anne Hopkins who was in Canada 1858-70 and who travelled the route taken earlier by the Grey Nuns.

PUBLIC ARCHIVES

them off. This was their last touch with civilization for many days as there was little settlement above Bytown. Up the Ottawa they went, past the Chats, Portage Dufort, the décharge of Des Sables, the Grand Calumet, the Allumettes and the long portages of Des Joachims, and eventually to the mouth of the Mattawa, where the canoes turned to the west.

The next stage of the journey was to prove one of the hardest of the whole trip, as this description by an earlier traveller, Sir Alexander Mackenzie would indicate: "The Petite Rivière takes a South-West direction, is full of rapids and cataracts to its source, and is not more than fifteen leagues [about fifty miles] in length, in the course of which are the following interruptions—The Portage of Plein Champ, . . . the Décharge of the Rose, . . . the Décharge of Campion, . . . the Portage of the Grosse Roche, . . . of Paresseux, . . . of Prairie, . . . of LaCave, . . . of Talon; which for its length is the worst on the communication; Portage Pin de Musique, where many men have been crushed to death by the canoes, and others have received irrecoverable injuries. The last in this river is the Turtle Portage . . . on entering the lake of that name, where, indeed, the river may be said to take its source."

Two long portages over the height of land, one over a mile long and the second half that distance took the travellers into Lake Nipissing, and they were no doubt pleased to learn that one more portage would be the last before they reached Lake Huron. By this time they were seasoned travellers, at each portage or décharge, they were quickly out of the canoe, and they could now erect their own tent on the best ground, and knew the kind of wood that made the quickest fire to boil a kettle and brew tea. Even in the rain, and it rained often in those early summer days, their cheerfulness was a tonic to the voyageurs whose skill and toil were carrying them and the heavily loaded canoes to their far off goal. When Sir George Simpson and Bishop Provencher who, accompanied by two priests in another canoe, had left Dorval some days after the Sisters overtook them on Lake Nipissing they found the four weatherbeaten but enduring with fortitude the hardships of their strange journey and anxious to reach the still distant Red River and start their new life and duties.

The journey so far had been without serious accident. There were, of course, the usual cuts and bruises, and at first the voyageurs accepted the ministrations of Sister Lagrave with some diffidence. But as the voyage progressed, they came to the Sisters with more confidence. There was a sigh of relief when the last portage on the French River was passed, but when they entered Lake Huron, the winds and the rain increased, and progress was

Black Bay, Lake Superior, from an 18th century painting by William Armstrong, near the area where the Nuns were nearly wrecked in a bad storm.

COURTESY FREDA LAWSON

St Boniface Cathedral, with the Provincial House of the Grey Nuns built in 1845 on the right, sketched in 1847 by George E. Finlay.

COURTESY GLENBOW FOUNDATION, CALGARY

slow. Even Sister Lagrave lost some of her cheerfulness when she wrote to Mother McMullen; "What shall I say to you? It is with difficulty that I can collect a few ideas; I believe the big wind is carrying them over Lake Huron. I am seated on a rock; my head spins, my heart throbs. First let me tell you that the voyage is very laborious, and much more so than I expected. Nevertheless, God will do me the favour of letting me continue to the end. We have not had a good night's sleep, Mother Valade and I, since our departure, but our two younger Sisters are pulling through pretty well. Nearly all the time we have had bad weather, and when the rain stops we have contrary winds which hold us back greatly; when we have to camp, we are as a rule beset by rain and chilled with cold. There is a good fire, it is true, but while one side of us burns, the other freezes. The tent is pitched, an oilcloth spread beneath, and that is the bed. Believe me that is cool, especially when it has rained all day and it rains all night, which often happens. Our canvas house gives little protection and our clothese are wet through. I rarely undress. In spite of everything, I am filled with courage to carry out the sacred will of God, though it may well cost me something. . . . On the rocks where we are camping today the snakes are numerous, the men have killed four of them. Yesterday we ran several quite dangerous rapids. The canoemen uttered cries of delight in clearing these rapids. I too enjoyed it, but our sisters were pale with fright." She went on to describe the difficulties of the portages. "You know that I am not light as a feather [Sister Lagrave's nickname was 'la bonne grosse'] and when it comes to climbing rocks, pushing through thickets, crossing ravines on dry and rotten trees, I think twice about it—but there is no turning back. We have suffered no serious accident."

But within a few days of Sister Lagrave's writing there was an accident. After the noonday halt Captain Doré exhorted the men and the Sisters to hurry back to the boats, and as Sister Lagrave scrambled over the rocks, her foot slipped and down she went with a badly sprained left ankle. She was carried to the canoe where the ankle grew steadily worse instead of better. All the nursing of her companions was of no avail, and as the canoes made their way up the inner channel to the falls of Ste Marie, it was a helpless and pain racked Sister Lagrave who was carried in and out of the canoe at each stopping place. But she made the best of it and still managed to join the rivermen in their singing, and make little jokes to conceal her pain.

A 20th century painting in the present Provincial House, by one of the Sisters, showing the arrival at St Boniface in 1844 of the Grey Nuns from Montreal.

IRENE LANE

At Sault Ste-Marie Captain Doré was replaced by another guide, and here the brigade was joined by Fathers Bourassa and Laflèche who were on their way to St Boniface. They had separated from Governor Simpson's party to visit Indians at the Sault. The good fathers helped to carry the ailing Sister over the long portage. The weather continued to be bad for the passage of Lake Superior and at Thunder Bay they encountered a storm that was nearly fatal.

On 29 May, thirty-six days after leaving Dorval, the party reached Fort William. Here the heavy canoes were replaced by smaller North canoes more suitable for the balance of the journey, so the Sisters were separated. The factor decided that the injured Sister Lagrave could not continue the voyage in view of the many portages ahead but must stay at Fort William until she recovered. The Sisters would not agree to this and finally the factor relented, upon two Indians being taken to carry her. When the voyage resumed Sister Lagrave was in her canoe though in spite of the help of her Indians and the two Priests her presence added to the labours of the crew on one of the most difficult parts of the journey.

In a later letter Sister Lagrave said; "Father Lafléche built for me a sort of litter with leather handles at each side and a rope in front, which I could hold on to, to prevent me from falling out. Without that I believe I would have had more than one sprain. If either of my Indians had taken a false step, it would have been all up with me . . . Our Indians kept me in the canoe by myself, and I had the pleasure of running a large number of rapids, more or less dangerous. You would without doubt, have cried aloud if, placed in the middle of the canoe without being able to move, you had seen, as I did, great waves pass overhead."

On this leg of the journey, the rivers were narrow and the portages steep, and to add to the troubles of the passengers the mosquitoes came out in droves. Once the height of land was passed, and the journey was with the river currents rather than against them, greater speed was possible though there were still many portages. A

The old Red River Mission House of the Grey Nuns which is being preserved as a historic building, sketched by R. D. Wilson as it looks today. COURTESY BANK OF MONTREAL, CANADA CENTENNIAL TABLEAU

further trial was shortage of provisions but they picked up a supply of pemmican at Fort Frances. At first the Sisters could hardly eat the strange fare, the staple food of the great west, but hunger soon overcame their aversion. In the years to come, pemmican would be one of the most valued stores in the cellar of the Mission or Convent House at St Boniface.

Rainy Lake and Rainy River were passed, and then they were paddling through the wild beauty of the Lake of the Woods to the head of the Winnipeg River. Here the Sisters had fresh evidence of the skill and daring of the boatmen. White water was common, and the voyageurs steered their heavily laden craft through rapids and whirlpool, past rocks and sand bars and seemed to the Sisters to court sudden death at every turn of the great river. It was only at the worst places that the canoes were emptied and carried over the obstacles, and there was a cheer from the crews when after Pine Falls, the tumplines were coiled for the last time and stowed at the bottom of the canoes. At Fort Alexander they came to the end of the river and on to the broad expanse of Lake Winnipeg. Then up the muddy Red River, and it was the afternoon of Thursday June 20th, when they reached Lower Fort Garry. Here they were greeted by Governor Simpson who invited them to spend the night at the Fort. But after fifty-nine days, the Sisters were anxious to complete their journey and again the canoes set out. The familiar boatmen's songs were heard—but surely the voyageurs would not be singing those songs with the Sisters aboard, those sometimes ribald songs of the waterways. The tunes were familiar but when the words could be distinguished they were not the old well known ones but new ones, written by Sister Lagrave and sung with gusto by both the voyageurs and the Sisters.

At last, at 1 o'clock in the morning of a calm bright night, the end of the journey was reached as the canoes were beached at St Boniface, where a joyous welcome awaited the Sisters. They were taken to the Bishop's house where for the first time in nearly two months they slept in beds. Next morning the Grey Nuns were officially welcomed by a crowded service in the cathedral.

Within a few days the Sisters moved to the little stone house that had been Bishop Provencher's, which was to be their refuge until their new house was built. When she saw their first house, Mother Valade named it "the Stable of Bethlehem" and she conscripted the first Métis who showed his face at the door and put him to work. Though she had been provided with crutches, it was months before lame Sister Lagrave was fully recovered. Mother Valade was busy with plans for the house and garden. Sister St-Joseph was off to the settlement to find out who

One of the statuette's made by Sister Lagrave in 1848 photographed in front of a painting done in 1860 by Sister Desmarais of the Cathedral and Convent at St Boniface. HENRI LANE

her pupils would be. Sister Lafrance was shopping at the Hudson's Bay store for provisions and curtains for the windows. Soon the garden was fenced and the precious seeds brought from Montreal were planted. Three weeks after their arrival the first class was held, Sister St-Joseph teaching the boys and Sister Lafrance the girls. Already the sick and needy were coming to their door, and not only the settlement of St Boniface but the neighbouring village of Fort Garry blessed the coming of the Sisters. Sister Lagrave sewed and mended and embroidered, she fashioned artificial flowers and with skilful fingers she created from papier mâché figures for the cathedral and the mission chapels.

In September the boxes from Montreal, with the gifts they had received, arrived. Having been sent to England and out by Hudson Bay they had not been expected until the following year. Among the treasures was an oil painting of the crucifixion by one of the skilled artisans of Quebec, the gift of the Bishop of Montreal, and a fine grandfather clock that chimed the hours, like the one in the Mother House.

So the Grey Nuns, the Sisters of Charity, came to St Boniface and as the years went by new missions were opened and a hospital was built in 1871. After the following year when two more sisters followed, they no longer travelled the voyageurs' highway but took the easier route through the United States. But wherever there was need, they came, and still the Grey Nuns follow the precept of Mother d'Youville: No one who knocks on our door goes away empty handed. ◆

THE MUMMERS

BY FRED BRUEMMER

BETWEEN CHRISTMAS and Epiphany weird spectres haunt the isolated villages along the north shore of the Gulf of St Lawrence, from Natashquan to Blanc Sablon, where Quebec cuts across the southern edge of Labrador. Singly or in groups, shrouded and masked, they enter a house and sit silently in its kitchen. If someone speaks to them, the apparitions answer in a high-pitched monotone. After a while they leave and walk through the cold snowy night to the next house. They are mummers, who perpetuate in these lonely settlements one of Europe's oldest folk customs.

Mumming derived probably from the winter solstice festival of pagan Europe. It was a common belief that at this time the demons of winter and death were struggling with the spirits of life and light. To protect themselves against the demons and to give them a good fright at the same time, people paraded in grotesque masks.

In Rome the winter festival, held under the aegis of the god Saturn, became the most popular of all holidays. It started on 17 December and lasted three days. Later it was extended to seven days. During Saturnalia time everything was topsy-turvy. Men dressed as women and women as men. Masters served their slaves and all paid homage to the "mock king" who ruled over the gay and fairly abandoned revels.

With the advent of Christianity, the church took at first an aloof but lenient view of all this masquerading and parading and, in some countries, tried to join and metamorphose it, not always with the desired results.

In France the Saturnalia evolved into the Feast of Fools (*Fête des fous*) in which the clergy joined with abandon, even electing for the occasion a "Pope of Fools", complete with mock pontifical regalia.

In England mumming (the word comes probably from the Dutch *momme* meaning mask) was extremely popular, and contained features of both the Roman Saturnalia and Druidic winter solstice celebrations. In the villages men put on women's clothes, blackened their faces with soot or wore gaudy masks and visited each others homes, often singing songs such as this mediaeval mumming madrigal:

> To shorten winter's sadness
> See where the folks with gladness
> Disguised all are incoming,
> Right wantonly a-mumming.

Mumming was also popular at court, but fell from favour after Henry IV was nearly murdered by mummers. Henry VIII issued an ordinance against "mumming and guising" and all who disobeyed were liable to "bee

Fred Bruemmer is a widely travelled freelance photographer and writer.

committed to the gaole without bayle or mainprise for the space of three monethes, and to fine at the King's pleasure".

But mumming went on, despite this edict. Villagers in Elizabethan times continued to elect their "Grand Captain of all Mischief my Lord of Misrule". He and his courtiers, the "lusty guts", as they were called, organized, the mumming and parading, the dancing and wassailing, which lasted from Christmas until Twelfth-Night.

The dour Puritans obviously took a very dim view of all this masqueraded capering and carousing and complained bitterly about the "revelling, epicurisme, wantonesse, idlenesse, drinking, stage-plaies, masques, and carnall pompe and jollity".

As time went on, mumming lost some of its folk character and probably a great deal of its uninhibited *joie de vivre* and became formalized into the elaborate masked mumming plays of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Only in some English villages, especially in Lancashire, has mumming retained some of its most ancient features.

There, and in the tiny settlements along the north shore of the Gulf of St Lawrence. When Christmas comes, both young and old get ready to go "mumming up", not only the descendants of English, Scottish and Irish settlers, but the French Canadians (mainly of Acadian origin) as well. The costumes vary greatly, but the ancient tradition that male mummers should dress as women and vice versa is often preserved. The more imaginative invent elaborate costumes. Others use Halloween masks, or cardboard boxes to which sheets are attached. This is not considered quite fair because it does make the identification of the mummer virtually impossible.

When the mummers visit a house, they go into the kitchen and sit there, masked and mum. No-one is allowed to touch them and some carry sticks to enforce this rule. They only speak "mummer talk", a high-pitched monotone, that effectively disguises any voice, rather important in these villages where everyone knows everyone else.

Since, as the saying goes "a mummer is not a real person", one can tell him anything one likes and he must not be offended. On the other hand, the mummer enjoys the same freedom from restraint and can be as abusive as he wishes. Even if his hosts have a pretty shrewd idea who is hidden under mask and shroud, they must never take offence or harbour a grudge.

Occasionally mummers will unmask if they have been correctly identified but as a rule they leave as they have come, taking the tantalizing mystery of their real identity with them. Although children go mumming too, it is still essentially, as in ancient times, a pastime of adults.

The mummers begin their nocturnal visits on Christmas Eve and continue their hauntings until 5 January, the eve of Epiphany. Where some settlements are fairly close together like La Tabatière, Red Bay, and Mutton Bay, mummers from one village will visit the other, often by dog-team. This, of course, makes it much harder to identify them and just because someone is wearing a familiar hat or scarf, does not mean the garment's real owner is hidden underneath the trappings. Clothes have a habit of changing hands during mumming time.

According to Hiram Robertson who, at 81, is the dean of La Tabatière's Robertson clan (thirteen of the village's seventeen families are Robertsons!) mumming today is carried out exactly as it was in his youth. Maybe the first North Shore mummer was his great-grandfather, Samuel Robertson, whom John James Audubon met in 1833. "This man (from Scotland) has resided here twenty years . . . He appears to be the lord of these parts . . ." Then as now, each year when Christmas comes, the ancient custom is revived and everyone goes a-mumming. ◆

The mummers, who drag in dollops of snow, are always received in the kitchen where they are carefully studied by their host, who may be a close relative. The box-head mummers defy all attempts at identification.

NFB—DOUG WILKINSON

QIMMINIK THE HUSKIES

by Alex Stevenson

Administrator of the Arctic in the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development whose early years in the Arctic were spent in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company.

THIS SPRING AT DUSK, I flew into Rankin Inlet on the west coast of Hudson Bay. Through the cloud of white powder snow churned up by the aircraft, I saw a dozen yellow autoboggans dart across the drifts and line the runway. Their Eskimo owners were obviously enjoying the easy speed of the vehicles. I stood at the door of the plane, and like a die-hard at the end of the horse and buggy era, felt like yelling, "Get a dog team".

I am not a sentimentalist. I don't feel nostalgic about the vanishing igloo with its snow platform and seal oil lamp. The temperature inside those picturesque mounds of snow seldom rose above 32°F. When it did, the walls began to melt and drip. And when you woke up in the morning a shower of hoar frost from the fur blankets fell down your neck.

But the Eskimo sled dogs—the Qimminik as they are called by the Eskimos—are another thing again. They have been a living vital part of Eskimo life for unrecorded generations—probably since the day an early hunter trained a young wolf cub to harness thousands of years ago. Their record of achievement and endurance is as old as the unfolding story of the North.

Thirty years ago, as a young apprentice with the Hudson's Bay Company at Pond Inlet, I had my first vivid lesson in the value of the huskies as travelling companions. I was hours out of the settlement with a team of eighteen dogs. The sled creaked and hissed on the sea ice as we sped along the Inlet toward the mouth of the Salmon River. Within minutes we were enveloped in an Arctic white-out. Sky and the snow were one. I could not see beyond my dogs fanning out on their traces ahead; our tracks vanished on the snow ridges behind the wooden sled. I could not distinguish anything. I kept going, certain that I would soon reach the mouth of the river. Then it would be a simple matter to follow its bank to the inland lakes where my traps were set. I stopped and strained my eyes a number of times. There was no wind or movement or shadow. A strange stillness!

I headed the dogs into the skim milk haze to the left. Half an hour of travel made no change. *The turn may not have been sharp enough to carry us into land. Or too sharp. The bleakness ahead could be Eclipse Sound. Or was I headed for Bylot Island*? Another hour passed. I stopped frequently, and each time the lead dog pulled and jumped in her traces. I was lost. I finally gave her her head.

Unexpectedly we were bumping across a stretch of rough pressure ice. Another five minutes and the trading post came into focus through the haze. I was deposited, without any regard for my dignity, back at my own front door. No doubt, fifty years ago on prairie farms they told similar stories about the horses that brought their children safely home from school every night; through sleet, storms, and blinding blizzards.

I think of the incident when I see a new skidoo in front of an Eskimo home.

"Does your machine know about white-outs?" I feel like asking. "Does it have a built-in sense of direction? Will it track down its own fuel? Or keep running for two or three extra days on an empty tank?"

One word and the controversy is on.

J-J. SEGUIN

"These days I travel light," says Paul Kablalik of Rankin Inlet. "No more loading up the kamutik with three hundred pounds of frozen meat every time I go round the trap line. And when I get a seal, the meat goes to my family."

Food for the ravenous huskies has always been a problem in the barren lands. The dogs will literally eat anything they can get their teeth into. Skin lines, harness, skin clothing, kayaks. In earlier days all these had to be piled out of reach on top of the igloo; today they are taken into the house. The huskies will also eat other dogs, foxes—even people who have the misfortune to fall and flounder (like a seal) in the snow in front of them. The two exceptions to the wholesale rule are wolf flesh, which a husky scorns even on the verge of starvation, and the liver of the polar bear, toxic because of its high concentration of vitamin A. (The dogs would probably eat the liver too, if their owners didn't make a point of throwing it beyond their reach into the ocean.)

In the summer months, the voracious dogs are often turned out of camp to forage for themselves. They survive on lemmings and on shrimps, mussels, and animal life cast up on the stony shoreline at low tide. But with the coming of the first snow, they are back in the settlement, ready to work, knowing that they can expect a

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NFB—DOUG WILKINSON

ration of fish, vitamin-rich seal, or walrus meat during the months when the Eskimo hunter depends on them for vital transportation.

The North is a harsh land; the sturdy sled dog is equipped to meet its challenge. In dark winter storms, he curls in a ball outside the hunter's igloo. His outer coat of dense coarse hair is four to six inches long; beneath it he has a thick inner coat of warm oily wool. Some hunters admit that their dogs may move into the lee of an igloo or discarded snow blocks at the height of a blizzard; others swear that their dogs always sleep with noses into the wind—sensitive alert systems that pick up a scent miles away on the clear arctic air.

I have seen an Eskimo settlement brought to life two hours in advance by dogs who announce the impending arrival of visitors in long-drawn howls. By the time the distant figures appear on the snow-bound horizon, kettles are boiling for tea, and the whole settlement is ready to welcome the guests.

The same keen sense of smell has often made the difference between food and hunger in a settlement. A hunter, exploring off the frozen shoreline for seal at their breathing holes may suddenly find his team veering inland toward a herd of caribou a dozen miles away, or a polar bear loping between the hummocks.

The search for game, however, has lost some of the urgency that it had in the borderline existence of the early years. Today more Eskimos have regular 9-to-5 jobs, or earn an income from char fishing or an arts and crafts program. A nomadic people are settling down around the community school that their children attend, the nursing station, store, craft centre, and airport. They are buying permanent houses, lighted by power from the community power plant and serviced with water by a community water truck. A trapper with a fast skidoo is able to cover his lines in a third of the time that it took him to do it by dog-team. He is inclined to leave his family in the settlement instead of packing them around to temporary camps in search of game.

At Rankin Inlet where community life and regular wage employment became established during the operation of the Rankin Inlet Nickel Mine, skidoos are the popular way to travel. In mid-February, this year, there were forty-one skidoos in the settlement and forty-one dogs, including house pets. The next week the Hudson's Bay store sold another two skidoos. At Baker Lake where the people still move out onto the land to hunt and trap, skidoos are not as popular.

"A skidoo burns gas, right?" one Baker Lake trapper said in explanation. "The fox smells it. You lose him.

You wouldn't see me using a skidoo around a trap line."

Trapper Paul Kablalik of Rankin disagrees. "I trap all the time with a skidoo and I get plenty of white fox. But I'm careful. I use two pairs of mitts. One just for baiting and handling the traps."

Over two thousand miles north of Montreal at Grise Fiord on Ellesmere Island, Appaliapik implies that he wouldn't use a skidoo if you gave him one as a gift. "Two or three men are buying them, but I'm staying with dogs. I can depend on them."

"Dependable?" comments a Rankin Inlet skidoo-owner. "Last year I was twenty miles up the coast and my dogs, the whole team of them, lit out for home and left me to walk. A blizzard came up and I nearly froze. How do you like that?"

Memorana of Holman on Victoria Island says that he wouldn't take the chance of hunting without dogs. "Many times they've saved my life. Once I shot my last bullet into the thigh of a huge polar bear. My dogs ringed him, held him back until I tied a knife to my tent pole and finished him off."

There are pros and cons from every corner of the Arctic, with those in favour of dogs coming from the most outlying and northern camps.

The men who support the dog-teams and point out the dangers of icing carburettors and empty fuel tanks are quickly reminded that even the sturdy sled dogs have physical weaknesses. On razor-sharp 'candle' ice their feet may become torn and bleeding. They are also subject to periodic epidemics that have killed up to ninety per cent of dog populations over wide areas within four or five days. Three winters ago at Pangnirtung on east Baffin Island an epidemic, typical of others that have struck northern dog populations over the years, swept through camp after camp in the area. Hunters were stranded without transportation, cut off from the settlement and supplies as well as from their hunting grounds along the coast line. Relief rations were issued; the whole

CHARLES GIMPEL

population of the immobilized area were moved into emergency quarters at Pangnirtung until their teams could be brought up to strength again.

Another trait of the husky is his reputation for vicious bad temper. Some husky dogs are fiends in fur. They have the pack instinct—a throwback (along with slanted eyes and sharp pointed face) to their ancestor, the wolf. They have killed on occasion: the wife of an R.C.M.P. constable, an Eskimo hunter breaking trail and falling among his team, a child who wandered too close to chained dogs. In settlements, dogs are tied, but even with this rigidly enforced precaution, teachers and nurses carry sticks along settlement roads to keep stray animals at a safe distance.

The combination of hunter and heredity may account in part for the vicious nature of some of the animals.

In spite of mean dispositions and voracious appetites, the sled dogs are often the pride of their owners. I have seen a hunter's face soften and change expression when he talks of his team.

"Inutut pi-tu-in-na-mi-yut," the Eskimos say. Which, freely translated, means "They are human, except they can't talk". In earlier days, huskies were named after dead relatives and treated with respect even when they were useless and decrepit.

Father Buliard, Oblate missionary, formerly at Holman on Victoria Island, tells of two huge fierce dogs on his team, Sport and Dragon, who were inseparable companions, even to sharing their food. When Dragon was drowned, Sport became listless and apathetic. He refused

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food, howled and moaned at night. Weeks passed. Nothing revived Sport's interest in life. As a last resort, before shooting the unhappy animal, Father Buliard brought home one of Dragon's pups. Sport pinned the frightened pup down with his paw, sniffed him, looked, turned him over. Then, in a frenzy of happy barking, he accepted him as Dragon—smaller, woollier, but Dragon just the same.

To return to the economics of the present situation, the skidoo appears to have the edge. A hard-working team of dogs may travel twenty-five to thirty miles in a day. At the end of it, they will eat half of a fifty-pound seal. Enough vitamin-rich meat and fat to feed a family for a week. The hunter who drives dogs may end up replacing his kill with meat for his family at ninety cents a pound in settlement stores. A skidoo covers eighty miles in a day of easy travel and uses four and a half gallons of fuel. Even at inflated arctic prices (seventy-five cents a gallon) the skidoo owner comes out ahead. He covers more than twice the territory, sets out twice as many traps and, we can assume, takes more pelts.

The present danger of the autoboggan probably lies in its possibility of light, easy travel.

At Frobisher Bay on Baffin Island, two young Eskimo men took a fast trip into the hills. Their skidoo broke down fifteen miles from the settlement. After working with the machine for an hour or more, they realized that they had travelled too light. They had no snow knife to build a shelter, no food, and one pair of mitts between them. They froze to death before they reached the settlement.

This tragedy is a contrast to the story of Yogine from Wakeham Bay who was adrift for three days on an ice floe in Hudson Strait. Yogine was travelling in the traditional way with dogs and a loaded sled. The first night on the floe he built a snow house, made an improvised lamp from bone and seal oil, and covered himself with burlap bags from his kamutik. He knew that he could not survive a second night on the open strait without added protection. He killed one dog and wrapped himself in its warm hide. Toward the end of the third day Yogine fell into the open water. His dogs floundered out, tugged him and the sled back to firm ice. He used a second hide to save his freezing feet from amputation.

Many such stories are told about Huskies and Humans in the Arctic. Men of the early police patrols are alive

today because they ate the flesh of their dogs when conditions of extreme hardship made it necessary.

The days of instant tragedy are not over. In a land as unpredictable as the Arctic, a traveller can never take for granted that weather will hold or that sea ice will be safe. However, the danger of skidoo travel can be held to a minimum by careful planning and a few simple rules. Travel in pairs. Know your machine, maintain it. Carry spare parts and the essentials to survive on the trail. Check the gas tank.

To prove the skidoo is safe for arctic travel, Ron Milligan, projects officer with the Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources at Rankin Inlet, and Eskimo Paul Kablalik travelled 705 miles through the Keewatin last spring. They carried spark plugs, carburettors, springs, and even a complete engine. They had a smooth fast trip and did only minor maintenance work along the way.

The astonishing working capacity of the skidoo was also demonstrated by Mr Milligan. He moved a charcanning factory (totalling twelve tons of equipment) from Chesterfield Inlet to Daly Bay, a distance of about eighty miles. The move was done piecemeal—about four hunpounds at a time.

"The skidoo is changing the North for the better. Even to the hunting habits of the Eskimos," says Mr Milligan. "Five years ago a hunter would see a herd of caribou and go wild. Kill more than he could use because he couldn't tell when he'd run into such luck again. Today he's mobile on a skidoo. He shoots one or two, because he knows he'll see caribou again on his more extensive travels."

"But there should be changes in the machine. Today's skidoo is designed as a winter weekend plaything. For arctic working conditions we need high plexiglass windshields, springs that can take hard-packed snow and lock washers to hold the body together."

R. N. HOURDE

J-J. SEGUIN

Designs for a variety of arctic vehicles are now in the mill. The snowmobile, the motorcycle, the hovercraft that moves on a cushion of air.

While I watch from the sidelines, the husky dog appears to have begun his withdrawal from northern trails. Immortalized in the Yukon Territory's coat-of-arms, he leaves behind a tradition of hard work, endurance, and sacrifice. He carried Peary to the North Pole in 1909 and Amundsen to the South Pole in 1911. In 1925 relays of dog-teams and drivers rushed life-saving serum from Nenana to Nome, Alaska (665 miles) in five and a half days. This could be done today by skidoo, or aircraft—but where is the dramatic pitting of living strength and stamina against time, snow and storm?

Explorers Rae (1853-54) and McClintock (1857-59) used sled dogs to search for Franklin who did not adapt to the Eskimo way of travel and disappeared to an unknown grave. During the 1920s Dewey Soper tracked down the remote nesting place of the blue goose on west Baffin Island with the help of the dog team; Dr D. L. Livingston set records of travel and medical investigation in the eastern Arctic that still stand today. Fur traders and trappers in the endless quest for fur logged thousands of miles for "Milady's" luxury wear. Police patrols and investigations are legend. All were made possible only by the "Heroes of the North"—the Huskies.

The record of achievement with dogs is near its end. Planes have taken over wide-spread search and rescue patrols. Supplies and people are moved by sea lift or aircraft in most cases.

Although hundreds of Eskimo dogs are still in harness with years of useful service ahead of them, others are tethered behind permanent homes and relegated to the new and puzzling role of family pet.

The immediate future of the husky is in the hands of his individual owner. At least one cautious Eskimo is playing the changing situation for all the angles. He traps in the Inuvik area with a new yellow skidoo. But riding behind the skidoo, on a toboggan, is his entire dog-team, heads erect, deep-chested, noses pointed into the wind. ◆

AN HONEST PILE

by George Inglis

FROM SQUAW CREEK in southern Yukon to Nunalla in the far northeast corner of Manitoba, Canada's 60th parallel stretches through forest, rocks, lakes, and tundra for some 1500 rough and unmarked miles. Fort Smith on the Slave River, the present capital of the Northwest Territories, lies immediately north of this line.

During a short stop-over at Fort Smith last summer, I decided to take a stroll from the edge of the capital so that I could say I had straddled the 60th parallel. A few steps, and the forest met me. Stopping by a low, log hut, before which an Indian woman was vigorously sawing firewood, I asked her if I was going right for the 60th parallel, the boundary. With a nod, and a grin, she said, "Follow the trail to the monument".

"Monument! Monument!! In this wilderness," I thought to myself. "Wonder what she means."

The woman had turned back to her saw-horse, so I continued on, curbing my rising curiosity. The trail twisted beneath the trees. It narrowed to a dusty path which, in turn, curved out of sight. Following, I came, finally, to a fork in the sandy trail. The forest thinned here, and I found myself at the edge of a small clearing. I came to a surprised stop. Before me, in a quiet, sheltered spot, beneath the shade of a clump of white-stemmed birch and green poplar, backed by a patch of dark, gnarled spruce, stood a large, odd-looking object.

It was a monument. Just as the Indian woman said.

The monument was in the form of a chopped-off tree stump, set in a base moulded to represent a stacked cord of wood, such as the Hudson's Bay Company's paddle-wheel steamers burnt to fire their boilers in the early days of steam. Formed in cement, the monument showed the weathering of many long winters and broiling summers.

I stepped closer to read the chiselled inscription. It was done on a smooth frontal patch of the tree trunk, as if the bark had been stripped off for the purpose, and it read:

TO THE MEMORY OF
EDWARD MARTIN
DIED JUNE 13, 1928

THE BEST WOODCUTTER
OF THE NORTH, HE SUPPLIED
FUEL TO STEAMBOATS

A SILENT AND LONE MAN
WHO TOOK PRIDE IN HIS
WORK AND BUILT AN
HONEST PILE

The face of the monument was defaced by vandals, the curse of any civilization, who had pock-marked the inscription with rifle shots. But, despite the disfigurement, the solitary dignity of the wood-cutter's memory remained.

I made some enquiries on my return to Fort Smith. There was a shroud of mystery about Ed Martin. No one knew for sure who he was or where he came from, or what year he actually entered the north. Ed was a "loner", and seldom spoke. He lived in a tiny, squat cabin across the Slave River in an area where the trees were thick and big.

Ed Martin entered into a contract with the Hudson's Bay Company to provide a set number of cords of wood

An Edmonton journalist, Mr Inglis has spent some eighteen summers in the North and worked on the Mackenzie River boats.

each summer for the big stern-wheeled paddle boats which thundered down and up the Mackenzie River from Fort Smith to the Arctic coast, and back. The cords of wood, each measuring 4 feet wide, 4 feet high, and 8 feet in length, were stacked in long rows at strategic points on the river banks, for refuelling. Each wood-cutter staked out a stretch of the river in which to cut his cordwood, much as a trapper would step off his trapline. Some of the wood-cutters even ran a small trapline. Ed Martin did not. He tended strictly to business, which was his contract to cut cordwood.

Some of the wood-cutters were less than honest. With a thought for fraud, they would stack their piles loosely, or choose a strip of the river bank with a rise to the middle, on which to stack their cords. In this way, while the end cords were of a correct size, many of the middle ones were skimpy and short. But not Ed Martin. As the words on his monument said, he always built an honest pile.

Several years went by and Ed continued steadily with his contract. Crossing the river in summer by canoe, in winter by walking over the ice, he periodically picked up his pay at the Hudson's Bay store in Fort Smith, his tobacco, his simple food requirements. Then, with scarcely a word, he would return to his little log hut on the opposite bank.

Early one summer morning, an Indian, checking his fish nets set in an eddy of the river, heard the loud report of a heavy rifle shot echoing across the river from the direction of Ed's cabin. There was no smoke rising from the cabin chimney. Slightly puzzled, the man reported the shot to the Mounted Police. They crossed over to investigate and forcing a way into the cabin found Ed Martin lying on the dirt floor, dead. His .303 rifle lay across his body.

The stern-wheeler "Distributor" fuelling along the Mackenzie.

Searching the cabin thoroughly, the police found nothing to help clear up the mystery of Ed Martin. No papers, no letters, no pictures. In a battered tin box beneath his rough hewn bunk, they found a cache of money in crumpled bills. An apparent suicide note to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, referring to a sum "about 1100 & 80 in my tin box" was found in the cabin with the body. When the sum was counted out, it totalled $1,182.10.

The subsequent publicity surrounding Martin's death, and the discovery of the money cache, which was big for those days, brought letters from a variety of women, and a man or two, both in Canada and the United States, all claiming kinship to the wood-cutter. These claims were not substantiated.

An enquiry into Martin's end was carried out by the Mounted Police, but the final disposition of his estate was held over until the next year, when the travelling judge from Edmonton, Alberta, made his circuit of the Northwest Territories. When he heard the details of the Edward Martin story, the judge was greatly impressed with the character of the departed wood-cutter. On his return to Edmonton, there being no trace of any authentic next-of-kin, he discussed the matter with the Public Administrator for the Northwest Territories. It was decided to use a portion of the money for a memorial to Martin.

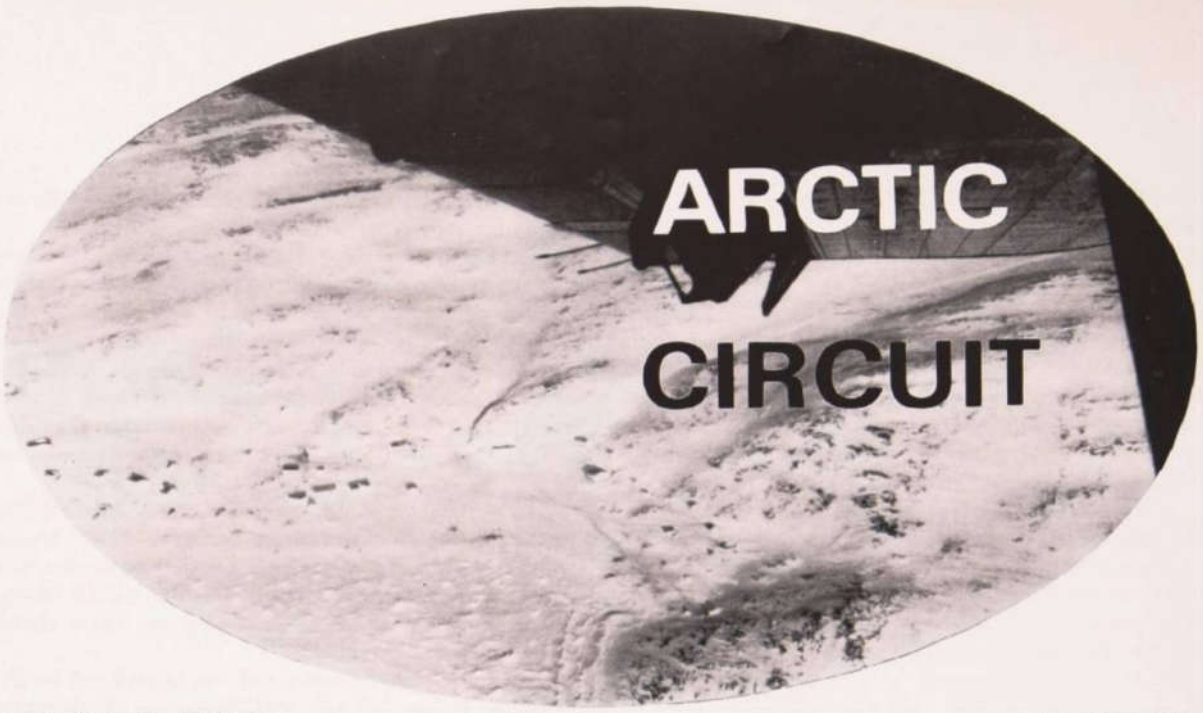
The memorial was cast in cement, and forwarded in two sections—the base, in the form of a cord of wood; the top, a solid cement tree stump. It was shipped north to Fort Smith from Edmonton by rail, river steamer, and Model T Ford, and placed directly on the 60th parallel. The cost of the 3500 lb. cement memorial, including all freight charges, came to five hundred dollars. This was paid for from the wood-cutter's savings. The balance was left in the hands of the Public Trustee.

Now this should have been the end of the story. But, by an ironic twist of time and chance, it was not to be.

Years went by, then a lady, a certain Mrs. Anna Jane Carr, arrived from the United States with solid proof that she was indeed Ed Martin's mother. After examination, she was so declared by Mr Justice Tweedie, of the Supreme Court of Alberta.

On viewing the stump memorial, the lady firmly stated that she would never have consented to such a spending of the money. She demanded it back.

And the Public Administrator, no doubt to his great dismay, had to return to the lady out of his own pocket the cost of the memorial. ◆



ARCTIC CIRCUIT

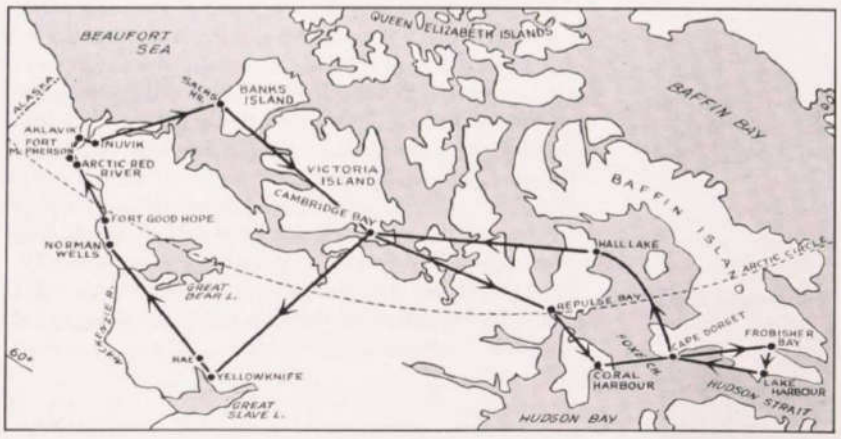
BY WILLIAM G. MORROW

photos by the author

THE NORTHWEST TERRITORIES proper consists of Canada's most northern land area (exclusive of the Yukon). It embraces many variations in topography. In this narrative, however, reference under the term Arctic is to the complete territory, which, incidentally, constitutes 34 per cent of all of Canada. Like a great many other Canadians, I have always looked to our northern land as the last place where adventure is to be found—our last Frontier! Indeed, it is, perhaps, one of the last Frontiers to be found anywhere.

To enforce law and order, the Canadian Government maintains detachments of Royal Canadian Mounted Police located at posts scattered throughout the Territories. In later years officers of the Department of Northern Affairs have been sent in to help, with the emphasis on matters of social well-being rather than law enforcement.

In the past, any serious crimes requiring trial were handled by sending judges from the adjoining provinces, such as Alberta. These men, along with lawyers duly appointed for each specific case, would go North as the occasion required. (In earlier days the accused was brought out for trial with resultant delays and family hardship.) About ten years ago, however, the Federal Government took a further step and set up a Court for the Territory—with its own judge having the status and



The circuit made in 1959.

Note: Since this article was written, the resignation in July of Mr Justice Sissons as judge of the Territorial Court of the Northwest Territories was announced. Recently the Hon. William G. Morrow, author of this article, was appointed as his sucessor.

power of a Superior Court justice. The Honourable Mr Justice J. H. Sissons was the first such judge, and at the time of writing still is.

Justice Sissons makes Yellowknife his headquarters but insists on the hearings in his Court being held as closely as possible to the locality in which the offence was committed—believing that the accused was entitled to be tried in the local place, his modern extension of Magna Carta, "a man is entitled to be tried by his peers." He is also convinced that those primitive people, who for the most part make up the population of the more remote areas, should be given a chance to study civics first hand, as illustrated by the administration of justice. To do this entails one or two circuits of the Arctic a year by the Judge and his entourage.

A few years ago in company with my good friend, the lawyer Andre Dechene (now a Supreme Court Justice of Alberta), I had the good fortune to visit Justice Sissons and his charming wife at their home in Yellowknife. Following a wonderful dinner, the conversation inevitably turned to the Judge's favourite topic, the Eskimos and Indians, their problems and how the judge attempts to explain the "law" to them. Both we lawyers were fascinated at the numerous stories that unfolded that evening. More important—my interest was later to be rewarded.

In April 1959 the Judge invited me to act as defence counsel on his Spring Circuit. I was thrilled. What an opportunity to see Canada's last Frontier at first hand—and to actually observe our colourful Frontier Judge in operation! I was not disappointed and it offered a chance to help in a field where the services of a lawyer, though often needed, may not always be available.

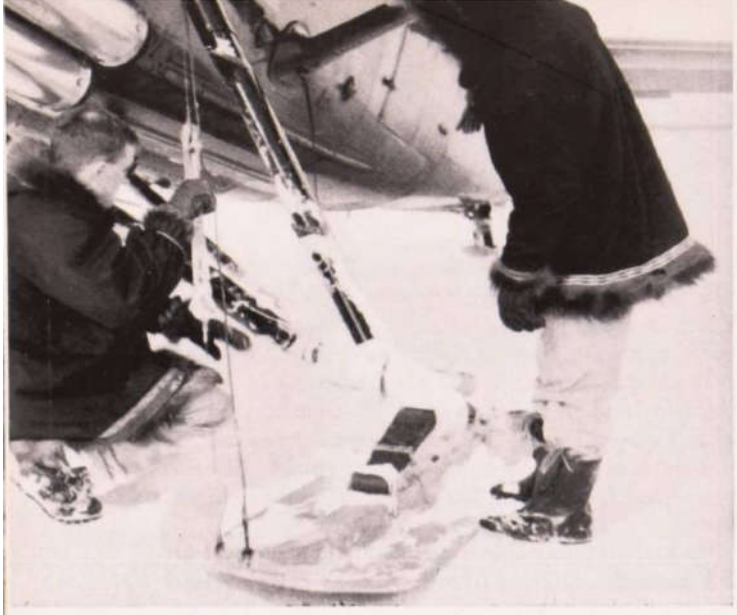
In case anyone has any delusions about April in the Arctic, the Spring Circuit does not mean thaws, spring flowers and warm weather. On the contrary I found it to mean steady cold weather, below zero almost all the time. The trip is usually planned for this time of the year because storms are less likely to be encountered and the long arctic night is giving place to long sunny (if cold) days—ideal for flying in the single-engine ski-equipped plane.

My preparations were two-fold: First, a survival kit and, secondly, excerpts from law books covering legal subjects likely to be encountered on the trip. The survival kit ended up with moccasins, parka, my old Navy underwear and heavy stockings, bar chocolate, a 22 revolver, camera and, of course, my Court gown. The excerpts were necessary as access to law libraries would not be possible where we were going.

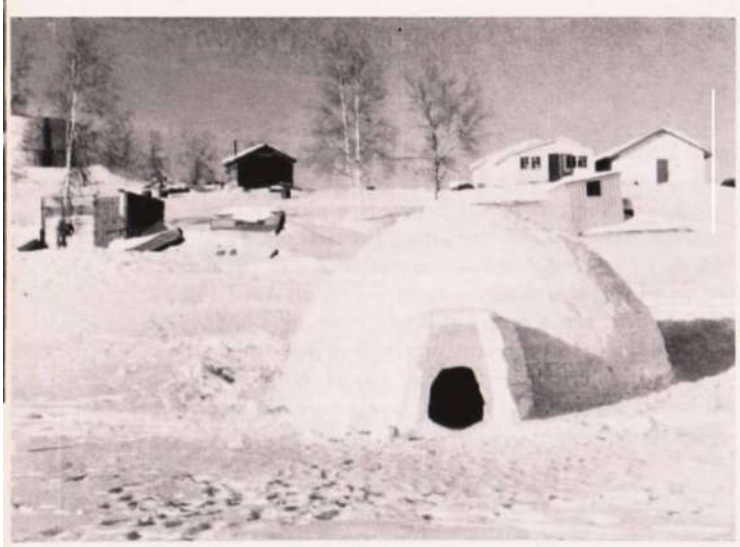
The jumping off place was Yellowknife. The Sheriff, Raoul Esmonde, picked me up after breakfast and we drove down to the Wardair base on the edge of Great Slave Lake. The rest of the party were already there—the Judge, Mark de Weerdt (Crown Prosecutor), Tingley, the Court Reporter. An Eskimo was to act as engineer. Bob Engel was the pilot. Sharp at 8 a.m. on April 18th, we took off. It was a crisp but bright morning.

My role was to represent any person who might be charged with a criminal offence at any of our stops. Not long before leaving, however, a tragic event had taken

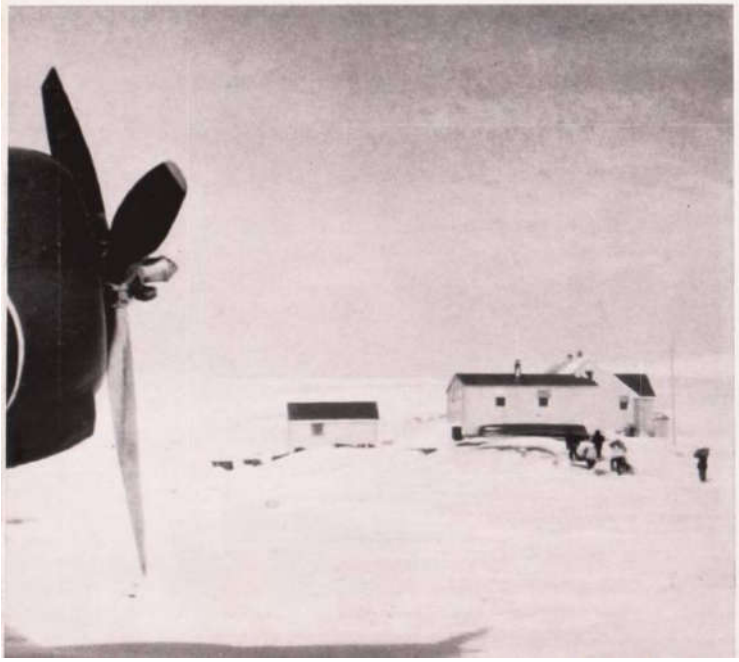
Justice Sissons holding court inside the plane along the Mackenzie River at Fort Good Hope and (right) with the Crown Prosecutor, Mark de Weerdt (R) in front of the Legion Hall at Aklavik that was used as a Court House.



Examining the bent ski at Arctic Red River.



Eskimo snowhouse at Inuvik.



place at Cambridge Bay. An R.C.M.P. constable, Lelliott, had been killed. I had been nominated to defend the accused, an Eskimo named Jimmy Ayalik. So we had at least one serious case to try on the trip.

At 11.30 a.m. we were landing at Norman Wells to take on fuel. The first legal business was to be at Fort Good Hope, our next stop. Our route took us over Great Bear River, near where it joins the great Mackenzie River. The snow covered mountains further to the west marking the eastern boundary of the Yukon afforded a beautiful backdrop as we flew along. The plane had hardly come to a stop on the ice at Fort Good Hope when the R.C.M.P. dog-team came alongside.

The accused, an Indian, had been caught in the act of stealing two bottles of rum. As it was a guilty plea, Court was held in the aircraft. The accused was brought into the presence of the Judge, the charge was read out to him by the Sheriff, and his plea of guilty and subsequent sentence—a fine—recorded. Time 1.00 p.m. All this took a matter of only a few minutes and then the dog-team sped back to the settlement and our plane took off for Arctic Red River.

Here we were to pick up two R.C.M.P. constables who were to give testimony in a case at Aklavik. We landed at Arctic Red River at 2.30 p.m., just below the picturesque and historical Roman Catholic Church which is located on the top of the bank. In no time our passengers were aboard and we were off—or so we thought. The soft snow on the river and the extra weight of the passengers had apparently been too much. The plane sank down and would not budge. I had dug out cars from the mud and snow of Alberta many times, but this was my first experience in helping to dig out and push—yes! actually push—a plane.

Along with the Crown Prosecutor, I was delegated to take the end of a long rope attached to the ski at the rear of the plane and to pull the plane loose, as the pilot revved up his engine. This may sound easy, but try it some time. Pulling on the rope for dear life, waist deep in moist snow, with propeller driving snow into your face —and you get the picture! On the first try Defence Counsel lost his fur hat and Crown Prosecutor got wound up in the rope. Second try we got the plane going and then had to run for it to pile on the plane as it gathered momentum. The only damage was a bent ski (not serious) and one wet and cold lawyer.

Before many more take-offs, all requiring the usual rope-pulling, I began to wonder if perhaps I had been invited along because of my rope-pulling ability rather than for any legal assistance I could render. On returning to Edmonton I was in improved physical condition.

Quarters of the R.C.M.P. Detachment at Sachs Harbour on Banks Island.

By 5 p.m. that afternoon we landed at Fort McPherson on the Peel River, and by then my clothes were dry.

There was serious business here. We arrived at the R.C.M.P. detachment buildings to find that a short time before, a tall strong-looking Indian had tried out his first "legal" allotment of liquor—two bottles of rum. As a result he had literally run amuck.

The story that unfolded was of his wife running out of the cabin in fear, followed by household articles thrown through the air by him. On the morning after, the police found a very sick and saddened man, and his two small children severely beaten and bruised. Some of their limbs were broken and they required hospitalization. He was charged with assault causing grievous bodily harm.

My function was to advise and, if the situation required it, defend him. This is where I ran into my first real test of "arctic justice" and how it copes with local needs and problems.

Incidentally, the only place I could interview my client in private was in the privy—the Court and R.C.M.P. occupied the remaining two rooms of the building. My client, by now completely sober and very worried about the condition of his children, had no memory of the incident. To me this indicated a possible defence and I advised him to plead not guilty.

When, however, the plea was taken before the Court, there was a gasp—and then complete silence. What had we done wrong?

Upon the Court adjourning for a few minutes, the Clerk sidled over to me and dropped a gentle hint: if the plea stood, there could be no trial at this time, as the witnesses, doctors and others were scattered throughout the area some hundreds of miles away, the case would have to stand over to the next Court, my client would be in gaol in the meantime—and the next Court might be six months in coming.

My client and I returned to the privy where we discussed the situation. In his own mind he had hurt his children and should be punished. He was not interested in the refinements of his legal position and the possibilities of a no *mens rea* (guilty mind or guilty intent). He preferred to get it over.

Accordingly, we went back and he changed the plea to guilty. The atmosphere surrounding the proceedings assumed a happier air. The penalty: two months hard labour.

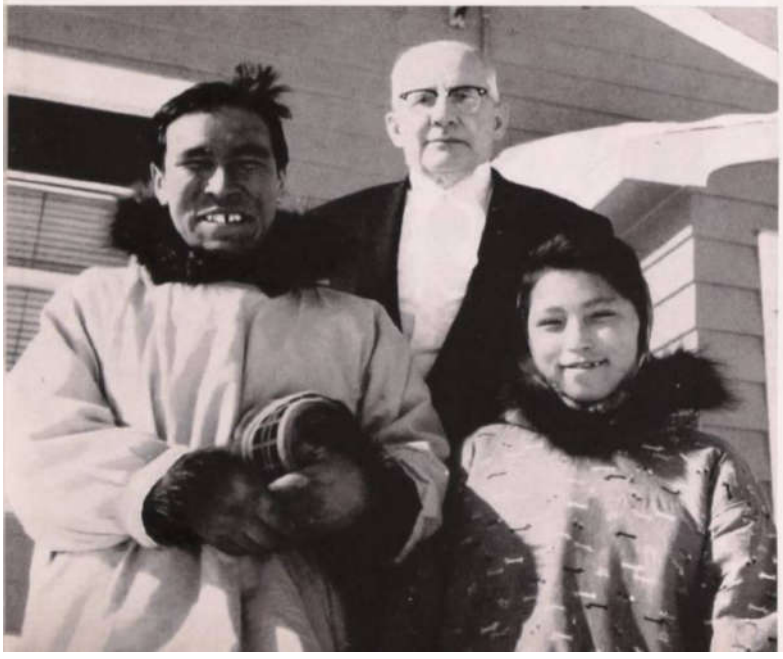
On returning to the plane I made a deal with a couple of the Indian boys for a dog-sled ride. With the whole community joining in the hubbub, this became the ride of my life. I had no idea of the speed the dogs could get up to over the snow. We then took off for Aklavik. I should not leave Fort McPherson without remarking on the large size of the timber. The trees (spruce) growing along the Peel River here were unusually large (diameters in excess of 14 inches) for an area so far north.

At Aklavik our hosts were the R.C.M.P.—and one could not ask for better.

At dinner that night I was surprised to be introduced to a naval officer—and to find that Aklavik sported a good sized naval establishment, since moved to Inuvik. On inquiry, I (as a former naval type) found things had not changed either. The R.C.M.P. at Aklavik had the boats and the navy had the motor vehicles—all in the interest of efficiency no doubt!

My client at Aklavik was a young Indian boy charged with rape. An interview with him was arranged through

At Cambridge Bay where the murder trial took place, two of the Eskimo witnesses are shown with the Sheriff, Raoul Esmonde, and the Prosecutor, Mark de Weerdt, stands beside flag pole set in a snow bank outside the school building.



the police who held him in custody. When I got his story on interviewing him, I found that the names of his witnesses were those of individuals also in custody. Accordingly, there was no trouble interviewing them as they were all there in the cells undergoing detention for other offences. I am afraid that this is not uncommon.

The place of trial next morning was at the Legion Hall —it being the largest building to accommodate a trial with a jury made up of six men. The jury was persuaded to dismiss the charge but, alas, my client went back into custody for some other offence he had already pled guilty to. On completion of the trial our luggage was loaded on to a sled and taken down to the river and placed on the plane. Next stop Inuvik.

After leaving Aklavik we crossed the famous Mackenzie River delta and the sight of that tremendous watery expanse with its numerous islands, trees, ice, and here and there the trail of an Indian trapper and his dog-team, is something never to be forgotten.

It was quite exciting to land in the bright sun along the river at Inuvik, the new model town, with its gaily coloured buildings experimentally built on piles to prevent them sinking into the permafrost. Although the population from Aklavik was expected to move over to Inuvik on its completion, the natives generally seem to have stayed at Aklavik where the muskrats and other fur-bearers are plentiful, and the government people have moved to Inuvik.

At Inuvik Justice Sissons had the honour of officially opening the new Court, which is located in the new Federal Building. It is a very well designed Court Room and has all the facilities that one expects to find in an outlying district anywhere in Western Canada.

The case here involved an Indian who was charged with being drunk off a Reserve. It turns out, and this is quite frequent in the North Country, that a concoction is often made up, using a popular brand of shaving lotion which has alcoholic content. This man's charge was dismissed on the technical ground that the Government of Canada had never got round to setting up the reserves promised to the Indians by Treaty No. 11 and, therefore, the Court held, how could he be drunk off a non-existent reserve?

At the conclusion of the case the Judge and the lawyers were given a tour of the new gaol at Inuvik. It embraced very efficient equipment and design, bearing in mind the location and size.

It was at Inuvik I saw one of my few igloos or snow houses. In my ignorance I had expected to see them all over the place, but found that they were not nearly as common as the stories lead us to believe.

Our next objective was Cambridge Bay, but by way of Banks Island. The port of call on Banks Island was Sachs Harbour, where we arrived without any trouble, having passed over some open stretches of water in the Beaufort Sea.

We were very popular on arrival at Sachs Harbour as we had brought in the four-months-past Christmas mail and parcels. Following delivery of the parcels, however, the weather deteriorated and I had my first experience of an Arctic white-out. It is one never to be forgotten. When you walk out into the storm you get absolutely no sensation of elevation or distance as you progress through the fine white particles of snow. Several times I stubbed my toes on rocks or tripped over "non-existent" snow drifts as I moved from one building to another.

The white-out weather condition required us to spend the night in the two-room R.C.M.P. detachment building. After having steaks (donated by an Eskimo hunter) for dinner I was required to bunk on the floor of the kitchen and sleep with my head under the sink, because of lack of space.

Next morning the weather had cleared and the judicial party took off for Cambridge Bay, where the murder trial was to take place. The next two days were hard and serious work for the lawyers. They meant interviewing the witnesses, generally preparing for the trial, and then prosecuting and defending at the trial.

W. G. Morrow in front of the East Coast Lounge at Frobisher Bay, the only cocktail bar on the trip.

Justice Sissons and a police officer by the ice hinge at Lake Harbour where the frozen sea moves up and down with the tide.

Mark de Weerdt, the Prosecutor, and I were billeted in an old canvas-covered quonset hut on the edge of the D.E.W. line site. This building had been covered with snow and had just been opened for our benefit. Despite my sleeping bag, keeping my clothes on, including parka and fur hat, I still thought I would freeze to death that first night. Although there was what purported to be a small pot-bellied heater in the middle of the hut, it gave out very little heat, and we all suffered in the extreme. As a result of our combined complaints, we were allowed to sleep on the floor in the school building the next night.

Justice Sissons insisted, as was usual with him, that the trial be carried out with as much ceremony as one could have, bearing in mind the location and circumstances. The whole idea is to educate the people and impress them with civic duties. One of the first things that was done, was for the Sheriff to erect the flag on a portable flag pole which he stuck into the snow bank just outside the school building. The Clerk of the Court, the Judge and the lawyers were then required to be fully gowned and the police to attend in their red tunics. As a further introduction into the administration of justice in this remote community the Judge insisted that Eskimos be given an opportunity to serve on the jury and to take other positions in the handling of the trial. As a result, in this trial two Eskimos ended up as jurymen on the six-man jury, and one of the jury guards was the Eskimo engineer who had come along on the trip with us. The other jury guard was the pilot.

While the jurymen were being chosen the jury panel was down to the last man and one more was needed. Mark de Weerdt and I looked at each other, hesitated, and then allowed the last man to be chosen, thus completing the jury panel and preventing further delay in the trial. However, we both did it with misgivings as the last man was the cook at the construction building where we were being fed. There was one thing, however, it probably encouraged both lawyers to speed up the trial, so that the cook could get back to business.

As the various citizens and persons in and around Cambridge Bay filed into the makeshift Court Room in the school to watch the trial, and this included the many

Women, children, and men all come down to greet the plane at Cape Dorset.

witnesses who were to be called, almost every one of them went over to shake hands with the accused, Jimmy Ayalik—a touching scene.

The trial itself was uneventful, but the back drop was one of the strangest that a person would ever see. Almost the whole population of this small community was there, Eskimos, traders, D.E.W. line employees, police, and their wives and children, and babies in mothers' parkas who had to be breast-fed from time to time. Even some of the small pups and dogs were present.

It is not the purpose of this narrative to go into detail on this or any of the trials. Suffice to say that the Eskimo was found guilty of manslaughter—rather than murder—namely, of accidentally killing the constable. He had been taken into custody on an intoxication charge when the second more serious offence took place and it was not too difficult, therefore, to establish a defence of drunkenness to the point of the accused not being aware of what was going on and, therefore, resulting in the reduced charge.

During the course of the trial, however, and the proceedings prior to it, a feeling had built up in the community, and particularly in police circles, against the man who had killed one of their fellows. I must say that the police were not pleased with the verdict and this feeling was quite apparent as we left the next morning, and understandably so.

Our next objective was Repulse Bay, as the first stop en route to Cape Dorset. On landing there I had my first experience with what is known as the ice-hinge—the Bay completely frozen and yet moving up and down with the tide, with the result that, depending on what hour you may have landed, you may at one moment find yourself walking over ice on a level with the plane and the land while later you may be climbing ten to twelve feet over a cliff of broken ice, which ice is grinding away at a great rate all the time.

At Repulse Bay the Hudson's Bay Company manager was more than pleased to see us. He had been marooned for two years during which time no ship had been able to come in because of ice in the Bay, though supplies had been flown in. As a result his trading post was a veritable storehouse of Eskimo carvings. It was a wonder that the plane could take off after our purchases.

Our next landing spot was Coral Harbour for fuel only, and then across Foxe Channel to Cape Dorset. On the way we flew over open stretches of water which were not very appealing to our pilot with our single-engine ski-equipped plane. Fog closed in almost at the very moment that we arrived off Cape Dorset. We were, accordingly, unable to land in the restricted area offered but had to proceed to Frobisher Bay and there land after dark, guided by a string of lights along the runway. Our ski-equipped plane had to land on the snow along the edge and parallel to the runway. This was the roughest landing we had in the whole trip because the snow apparently had been blown off the runway by snow removal equipment and created a very rough and uneven landing area. However, the plane was rugged and the pilot was completely reliable and we experienced no accident.

That night we had our only cocktail of the trip and our only ham and eggs. As far as I can tell at the time of this trip we found the only cocktail bar in the Arctic at Frobisher Bay. We were billeted in an old Army and Air Force barracks.

Next morning Court was held and the cases were infanticide and shopbreaking—both Eskimo accused.

The infanticide case was that of a young unmarried Eskimo woman who was charged with killing her infant child immediately it was born. She had admitted the

death quite freely to the police for she was following a custom that had been accepted among the Eskimos for generations when children were born that could not be looked after. She was found guilty, of course, but the Judge gave her a suspended sentence of fifteen months, so that she could go home and look after her remaining two children.

The next case was that of a sixteen-year-old Eskimo boy, whose father had been an expert hunter but had given up hunting to move into Frobisher Bay, attracted by the easy money and security of a job as janitor and caretaker at the airport. This, of course, was very nice for the father and mother, but meant that there was nothing to occupy the family. The stealing for money that resulted was to provide the boy with something to spend for entertainment. There did not appear at this time to be any regular school facilities or other equivalent, to occupy young people such as he. His punishment was typical of Justice Sissons and very practical. A sentence of six months, but not to gaol, rather into the custody of an R.C.M.P. constable at Pangnirtung. This was a policeman whom the Judge knew from past experience and the Court's instructions were that the constable should do a good job of taking the boy in charge and teaching him how to hunt and work.

That afternoon we were off to Lake Harbour along the south shore of Baffin Island. The Anglican Bishop of the Arctic Area happened to be there in his ski-plane at the same time as we were.

The main interest in Lake Harbour for us, apart from seeing one of the earliest arctic trading posts, was the ivory carvings made from walrus tusk. The Hudson's Bay manager would only allow us to buy carvings and would not allow us to buy any of the tusks themselves as they are for the Eskimos, to ensure their supply of raw material. Again we saw the ice hinge in the Bay.

Following Lake Harbour, Cape Dorset was finally reached and this time the weather did not spoil it for us. The whole population, or so it seemed, crowded down to welcome the plane and shake hands with us, even though they had never seen many of us before. We were the guests at this time of James A. Houston the artist and then Northern Affairs administrative officer, and his wife. Their efforts in this small community show how well the native people can be helped towards self-sufficiency in the present day world, and how their local talent and material, can be expanded and worked into a real industry. The carvings, and graphics produced here by the Eskimos are a real tribute to the native creative effort.

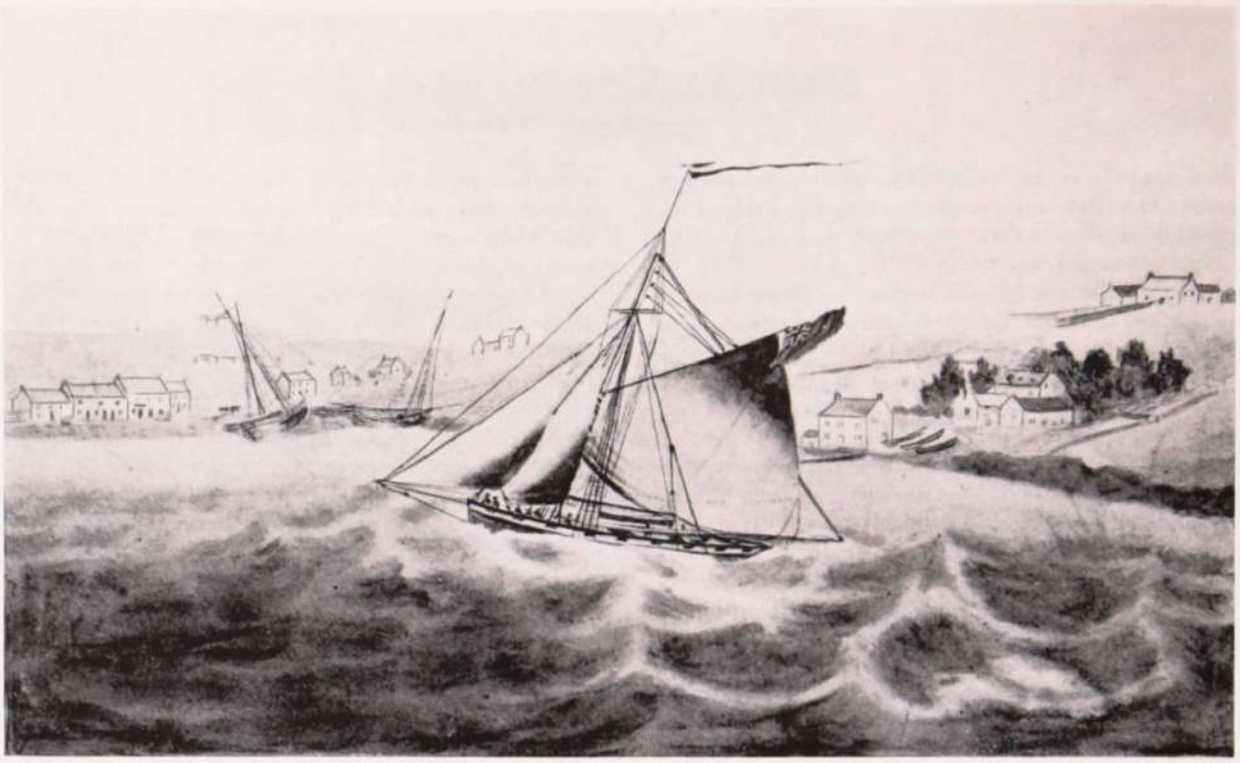
I was taken through an experimental styrofoam igloo by John Houston, Jr., their ten-year-old boy, who was quite conversant in the Eskimo language. He showed me all around with great gusto and seemed to know every one of the Eskimos in the camp. I was very fortunate here in obtaining one of the old seal oil lamps that had been discarded. The Eskimos apparently seldom use these any more, as they can now use kerosene and oil lamps of the white man's variety.

Outside in the afternoon and evening a game of football was in progress on the snow-packed ground and children of all ages were engaged. As the sun began to drop down over the ice and hills, in came the hunters from the day's hunt, with their boats on their dog-sleds—a wonderful sight. It seemed that all the young children ran out to meet them amid the cries and howling of the dogs.

Next day we took off to work our way back to Cambridge Bay, but a white-out forced us to land at Hall Lake which was another D.E.W. line site. Here we saw our only movie and read our only current newspapers (just in from Montreal), had a soft drink and a bath. Incidentally the only bath on the trip.

The following day, the white-out over, the plane went on to Cambridge Bay for fuel, then over Bathurst Inlet and finally down across the barren lands to Yellowknife. In all we had logged 5,015 miles in approximately eleven days. An unforgettable trip! ◆

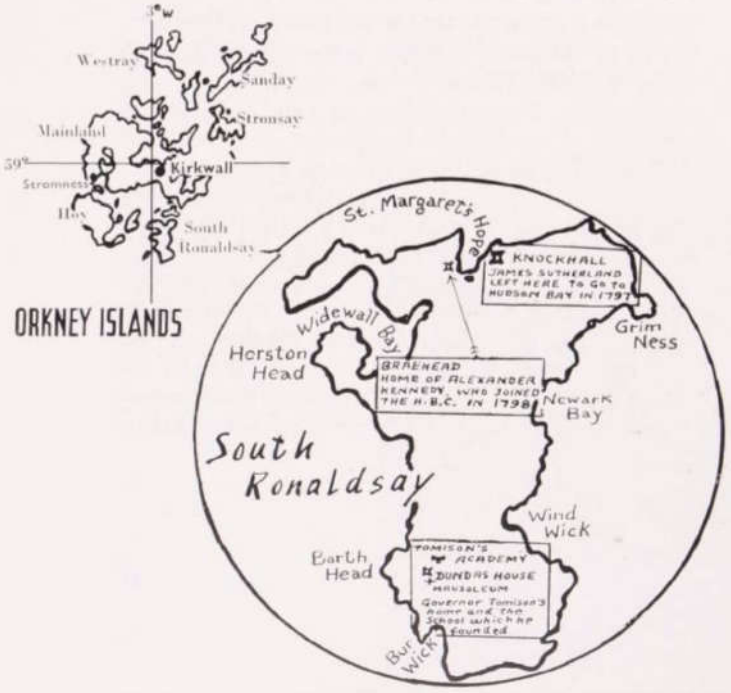
Children at Cape Dorset run out to meet the returning hunters whose boat is carried, with the results of their hunt, on the sled.



St. Margaret's Hope, South Ronaldsay, drawn by Thomas Chisman in 1834, the harbour from which Tomison, Kennedy and Sutherland sailed for Hudson Bay. Kennedy's home, Braehead, is at the top of the hill on the right. Reproduced by kind permission of Colonel Goodsir of Braehead.

Chief Factor James Sutherland and his Orkney correspondence

BY ERNEST W. MARWICK



SOUTH RONALDSAY, the most southerly of the Orkney Islands, provided the Hudson's Bay Company with three distinguished servants during the last half of the eighteenth century. One of these, William Tomison, rose to the position of Governor, and the other two, Alexander Kennedy and James Sutherland, who were with the Company at the amalgamation of 1821, were in that year appointed Chief Factors.

Of William Tomison and Alexander Kennedy a good deal has been written but James Sutherland, whose thirty years with the Company were distinguished by diligent, if not spectacular, service, has remained a shadowy figure. When the Orkney novelist J. Storer Clouston wrote a series of articles for *The Beaver*, in 1936-37, on "Orkney and the Hudson's Bay Company",

Dr Marwick is an Orkney historian and author.

he said of James Sutherland, after mentioning the period in which he was Chief Factor (1821-27), "I can discover nothing further about him."

A brief account of Sutherland's career in the Company's service became available a year later (1938) in E. E. Rich's edition of the *Journal of Occurrences in the Athabasca Department by George Simpson, 1820 and 1821*, but no one knew that a rich and revealing series of letters by him had been preserved by his family. These letters, numbering seventeen by James, and five by his sons and son-in-law, run to 17,000 words. I am most grateful to Miss Edith Baikie of Port Washington, New York, for bringing them to my notice and for providing a photostat, which I have now transcribed.

With some notable gaps, the correspondence covers the period from 1814 to 1844, when James Sutherland died. There are letters by his son Roderick in 1845 and 1846 then, after a ten years' gap, there is a letter from the younger James which gives a poignant picture of the unhappy condition of his brother Roderick, the Chief Factor's favourite son. Copies of wills, and a handful of miscellaneous letters, complete the collection.

Up to 1827 (there are only two before 1825) the surviving letters give a somewhat scrappy account of James Sutherland's activities, and those immediately after 1825 are largely concerned with his health. He was a frequent victim of nervous depression it would seem for the last twenty years of his life. But it is from 1827 onwards that the correspondence blossoms, for in that year he retired to the Red River Settlement, which he afterwards regarded as the one place where he could live in reasonable comfort and contentment. The letters are, with one exception, addressed to his brother John in Orkney.

James Sutherland was born in 1778, whether at South Ronaldsay is debatable, for in his will he is described as "of the County of Caithness, Scotland"; but it appears probable that at some time during his boyhood his father, George Sutherland, became tenant of Knockhall, a pleasantly situated farm from which one can look across the bay of St Margaret's Hope in Orkney to the hills which encircle Scapa Flow.

That a small Orkney island should at that early date have been able to provide three men of sufficient education to attain high rank in the Company's service is remarkable. William Tomison sedulously taught himself, and rose by inherent ability from a labourer to a governor, but Kennedy and Sutherland may have owed something to the patronage of Lady Charlotte Dundas who, from the time that both were little boys, had been distributing writing paper and books among the people of South Ronaldsay. Both were able to begin their careers with the Company as "writers", an inestimable advantage, as James Sutherland pointed out to his brother John when the latter wanted to join him in Western Canada. "I flatter myself," he wrote, "that you never will be so mad as come out as a foremast hand, for however much I may be able to befriend you, it would be impossible to raise you either to rank or respectability from so Menial a situation." To come out as a labourer, he insisted, meant that there was more than "the chance of being a Slave all your life."

It was in 1797 that James entered H B C service. He was for a short time a writer at York Factory, but was soon sent inland to act in a similar capacity. Five years of good service inland brought their reward. He was given charge of Cumberland House in 1803, and was connected

Knockhall, Orkney, from which James Sutherland joined the Hudson's Bay Company in 1797 and where his brother remained.

DOUGLAS SHEARER

Dundas House, Governor Tomison's home in South Ronaldsay. In the background is Tomison's Academy, the school he founded, which was begun in 1851 after his death and is still one of the most modern of the smaller country schools in Orkney.

Below:
The old Hudson's Bay cannon south of the town of Stromness which was fired to announce the coming of the Company's ships.

DOUGLAS SHEARER

with it, except for a gap of a year or two, until 1813, being in his final years there master and trader.

In the autumn of 1813 he sailed for Europe, and revisited his home, bringing with him his son William; for he had set up house at an early date with a woman of the country who eventually bore him five sons and four daughters. He left William in Orkney to "get a little Education." The first letter of our collection (June 1814) he addressed to his father after his return to Canada, deeply regretting his separation from his son, for he was devoted to his family, even though they proved a handful later on. He wrote from Montreal, where he had seen Orkney people who "Bliss the day they left their native Country." He liked Eastern Canada: "I would certainly settle here, but I cannot resolve to abandon my children. . . ."

So, with a divided mind, James Sutherland had a canoe built, engaged three Canadians to accompany him, and set out on the four week journey to Moose Factory. The "War goes on with the Americans Vigorously," he wrote. One of the Orkneymen he had with him was pressed into service and had to be cleared, but Sutherland's party did not expect to "run any risque."

It is three years before we hear directly from him again. A lot had happened in the interval. He had been given charge, on his return to the Bay, of the East and West Winnipeg districts, which included all the Red River trading posts. He had also been appointed a member of the Council of Assiniboia. He spent the winter of 1814-15 at Jack River House (the forerunner of Norway House), and the following winter at Qu'Appelle House. In May 1816 he had what was perhaps his only brush with an enemy, when he was attacked by a party under Cuthbert Grant and carried prisoner to the North West Company post. (He was released after a few days.) During that year of 1816-17 he was in the Swan River District, and the next year at Fort Hibernia on the upper Assiniboine River.

The second letter in the Sutherland collection was written from Norway House on 24 August 1817. It was hastily written to replace an earlier letter which had been lost, with some of his "other letters & papers besides a great deal of property", when a boat was upset by a gust of wind. In this letter he approved of his father's second marriage (later a cause of regret), cautioned his brother against coming out to Hudson Bay, and spoke of his son William, still in Orkney.

Then the curtain comes down for eight years. The stage is unlit, and we only have, as it were, brief announcements from the wings. In 1818-19 he was in charge of the Forks of the Red River, and from 1819 to 1821 of the Swan River District. In 1821, the year of the union of the Hudson's Bay Company and North West Company, he became a Chief Factor under the Deed Poll. He was now in charge of the Saskatchewan Department at Edmonton, and acquired in 1822 the dignity of a Councillor of the Governors of the H B C Territories.

Now the time had come for another trip home. In the autumn of 1822 he was forty-four, and still undecided, one presumes, whether to make his home in Eastern Canada or to settle permanently in the Orkney Islands. The conflict between duty to his family and longing for home peeps out frequently from his letters, until at last he persuades himself, "I could not enjoy an hours health in the moist air of Orkney." We know nothing of the 1822 voyage back to Europe, but it appears that he took William with him when he returned to Canada: he could never bear to have his family incomplete.

We can follow him to Severn, of which he was in charge from 1823 to 1825, when his correspondence strikes a dismal note. To his brother John he wrote from York Factory, on 26 August 1825 that he had been reduced to a mere skeleton, and although somewhat recovered was unfit for active service. He had been granted a year's leave of absence. He had determined to pass the winter at the Red River Settlement. The first of his family had gone, for his oldest daughter was married. The second daughter had offers, "but none to my liking". William had been in the Counting House, but the H B C had then so many clerks that he could not get an engagement as such. Sutherland's fellow islander, Alexander Kennedy, was going home, and he would carry all the other news.

The next letter, over a year later, suggests extreme morbidity. It was written on the homebound ship *Prince of Wales*, then off Lands End, on 16 October 1826 when he was on furlough for health reasons. The "long continued infirmity of Body has brought on an imbecility of mind that at times I am afraid I will lose my senses. . . ." He was hoping for a cure but, if otherwise, "it is satisfactory to my mind that I will rest my bones in a Christian Country". His will, he said, was in the hands of his wife in Hudson Bay. This is the only reference in the correspondence to a long-suffering wife. Almost inevitably, he had William with him.

A fortnight later (November 3rd) he wrote with a little more liveliness: his nervous condition always improved with exercise and change of scene. He had been rambling through London day after day from morning to night. William was entranced by the wonders of the city, but his father thought of sending him to Orkney as he was "Very Expensive to Keep. . . ." As for himself, he would go to Bath and Cheltenham, or even to the South of France, for "what is the value of Money without health"? "Read this to our Father I consider it an unecessary Expence to write to him. . . ." James Sutherland never felt comfortably off, and was always considering expense. When he died, he left £7,000 in Consols.

On the eve of his departure from Liverpool (15 March 1827) he wrote another long letter to his brother John, whom he had met during the winter at Edinburgh. He had been worried by the late arrival at the port of William, who had come from Scotland by mail coach—"Very Expensive." Finally, he had decided that he was as likely to retrieve his health in "the Wilds of America as if I was to remain in this country & waste my means on Doctors & their Drugs". He ventured to prophesy: "The Country I am going to is a rising Country & in course of time will be a great country—Great Britain & Orkney in Particular is on the decline, and many thousands of them that now inhabit it will have to look for another Country. . . ."

Norway House, drawn in 1821 by Rindisbacher, where Sutherland spent some of his time in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company.

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The passage to New York was a tedious one, occupying forty-two days. What it was like to travel overland at this period is described succinctly in a letter written from Montreal on 9 May 1827:

I . . . start with a steam boat came up a River 160 Miles against a Rapid Current in 12 Hours this is reckoned the fastest Boat afloat in any Country, next Day I took Coach from a Place Called albany & came across Country through a Very rugged Country and came only about 60 Miles in 14 Hours. I next morning start again in a Steam Boat remained in her all day & all Night & came through a Lake about 120 miles we again Landed & took Coach for about 18 Miles at the end of which we arrived safe at this Place . . . arriving here I found all our Canoes for Hudsons Bay had taken their Departure. . . . I am obliged to hire men and buy a Canoe to go up in, this trip will cost me about 150£. I am however obliged to be at that Expence as I cannot live without my Family. I expect to reach them about the middle of July. . . .

William and five Canadians formed his crew. In the bright Canadian summer he looked back with a shudder on "the Dreary Climate of Orkney".

Nevertheless, when he wrote again from Norway House, in August, by which time he had retired from the H B C, he had had second thoughts. The voyage had been "the longest and most tiresome I ever performed"—sixty-two days. "I suffered much," he complained, "from constant exposure to extreme Heat and alternate Cold, and the incessant torment from Musquitoes exceeded anything that I have before seen." Yet, by working hard at the paddles, he found himself better than at other times. He commented ruefully that his trip from London to Norway House had cost him £200.

On his way he had visited the Red River Settlement, and had definitely made up his mind to winter there. He had found the settlers, despite a poor crop the preceding year owing to a flood in spring, contented and comfortable: ". . . fish they got in abundance—which with Potatoes and a little Bread, Plenty of Butter and Cheese and a good deal of fresh Beef of their own rearing they lived well."

Now that they were living in the settlement James Sutherland and his country wife Jane Flett were formally married in May 1828 by the Reverend David Jones, the Company chaplain. In his next letter on 10 August his morbid tone has almost disappeared; his health and serenity of mind exceed expectations and he is enthusiastic about Red River:

I had a good house built & myself comfortably lodged. During the winter I employed myself in Carpentering &c and dashing about with my Horse and Carriage; In the spring all around me commenced farming with activity and I did not like being an Idle Spectator I then commenced farming and Gardening also. . . .

. . . I have everything that a man requires for the good of both soul & body—Religion in its purity, the best of Climates, a soil that Produces all the Productions of the earth in Perfection with very little Labour, the society is not extensive but agreeable, my children I can get educated sufficient to serve their God, and enable them to Perform all the duties of Life. . . .

Needless to say, this first rapture became more subdued, but Sutherland never regretted going to Red River.

There is now a gap for the next letter, an incomplete one, was written in 1831. A large part of what remains of it is concerned with his father's marital difficulties, but there is some news of his own family. They had enjoyed Chief Factor Kennedy's cheerful company. (For the last time: he died in London of typhus fever on 6 June 1832 and was buried in the vault of St. Mark's Church, Pentonville.) All the Sutherland girls—Jessie(?), Nancy, Elizabeth, and Letitia—were now married, the last two on one day, and both of them to men named James Inkster. James Inkster One was an Orkney blacksmith; James Inkster Two native born, "the Son of an industrious good man has a farm well stocked—has erected a water Mill which brings him in Money. . . ." William was courting, and had received from his father materials for a house and a hundred acres of land. For the first time there

Looking up the Red River from a point near Lower Fort Garry, a drawing by George E. Finlay in 1847. Many retired Company officers, including Sutherland, settled between here and the Forks. GLENBOW FOUNDATION, CALGARY

A settler's farm house on the Red River, 1846, drawn by George E. Finlay.

GLENBOW FOUNDATION, CALGARY

is a hint of William's weakness of character, made fairly directly in the assertion, "Bill has much improved in his conduct. . . .", and indirectly in the reflection, "I perceive that the Children of this Country do the best that is brought up in this Country, all the ones that have been educated in Europe acquire a kind of Pride that unfits them for the customs and habits of this Country & the greatest part of them turn out to be blackguards or unfit to do for themselves."

Now comes a letter which is difficult to place; it lacks a front page and a date. Despite some discrepancies, it must, since it was to be carried by Kennedy, be assigned to that same year of 1831. In the main it speaks of good fortune. Sutherland had "800 Acres of the best of land", well stocked with cattle, horses, pigs and poultry. Yet his expenditure exceeded his income. Clothing and other necessities for his family cost him around £100 a year. His eldest daughter was dead, and he was supporting her four children, all girls. Two of these were at school "with the Parson of this places wife. . . . they cost me 40£ pr. an. for Board, Education and Lodgings—& about 15£ more for Clothing." He usually sent £5 a year to his brother, but this year reduced it to £3.

About this time his father died, and in Orkney there was a slight wrangle over some money that the late Governor Tomison had apparently lent him. James Sutherland counselled his brother (6 August 1832) to be firm about it, and to be firm also, but just, towards their father's widow. As for himself, he had around him all his sons, sons-in-law, daughters, daughter-in-law, and nine grandchildren—so that "I consider myself as one of the Patriarchs of Old, and my Roots and Branches have taken so firm a hold of the Soil, that it will be impossible for me to leave it."

Provisions of all kinds had fallen in price at Red River. The best flour was ten shillings a hundredweight, and the finest beef twopence a pound. Some things, however, had to be imported: he required from Orkney "12 pair of Half Hose of Different qualities and all a large size for Myself also Six or Eight pair of Gloves assorted also continue to send me the Newspapers". There were no local Orcadian newspapers at that date, so the papers most appreciated were *The Scotsman, John O'Groat Journal, The Penny Magazine* and *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*. The following year (1833) he ordered "Calicoes Part Dark Pattern white Cotton Stripped Cotton Handkerchiefs, Cotton Linsay and such other articles."

Five years pass before the next letter. But in 1835 James Sutherland, a member of the Council and a Justice of the Peace, was at the age of 57 "calling to mind the uncertainty of human life" and drawing up his Last Will and Testament. His five sons were to have £700 each and his three surviving daughters £500 each. The fourth son, Roderick, was residuary legatee. Roderick, it seems, was a scholarly lad, without, perhaps, the muscular strength of his brothers.

The letter of 7 August 1838 is a very long one, and even so some of it is missing. Once more James had been ill and reduced to a "mere skeleton", but he was improving. The Kennedy and Sutherland families (this gave him great pleasure) had been united, for one of his orphan grand-daughters had been married to the late Alexander Kennedy's son Philip, "a very steady young man."

It was now, however, that Sutherland began to feel acutely the difficulty of giving his children a start in life. He had four sons with him.

> . . . the two Oldest are now men fit for any duty but in this part of the World their (*sic*) is no opportunity for young People to push forward in any way, better than Labourers, either as farmers or Boat men, in the Cos. Service and either way they can barely make a living—my two youngest sons has now a better Education than I had when I came to this

Reminiscent of Sutherland's dashing about with his horse and carriage is this drawing of the Governor driving on the Red River.

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Country yet it will be of no use to them as they cannot employ it in any way beneficially. . . .

William, whose home was within a mile, he never saw. Both he and his wife were spending money extravagantly on "good living and fine Dress".

Red River had had two very poor crops and the prospect of a third, so that "many was at Starvation". Sutherland himself had been provident, having retained about "100 Bushels of Wheat from crop 1835".

In 1840 John Sutherland in Orkney, whose wife had died, received letters of sympathy from his brother and his nephew John. Between them, father and son gave most of the news. William and his wife, still making great inroads on their patrimony, had five children. Young James had married Maria Bird, daughter of a prosperous merchant. Three sons were still at home, with no inducement even to learn a trade, for

. . . all is Carpenters, coopers, Ploughmakers, wheelwrights, Taylors, and Shoemakers for themselves—The only lucrative trade here is a Blacksmith, and it must be learned, and it is such a dirty slavish business that few are inclined to follow it.

Into several of the letters come a quaint Orkney couple "Mr & Mrs Tate", comfortably settled at Red River, but always complaining of poverty and sickness. A description of how they supported themselves throws some light on the economics of the settlement:

. . . he drives the steel bar, and as charges for Tayloring is high, he clears a good few pounds by it, and this spring he cultivated his little farm himself from which they raise plenty of Grain &c to support them, they have a few cattle from which the old woman makes butter enough for their own use and some to sell, and they kill a cow or an ox every fall, besides a pig or two, the old Lady also raises a good many turkeys and an enormous number of hens many of which she sells, along with eggs they draw a triffle, and between them both they Educate a few scholars. . . .

By this date, Roderick had begun to make fair copies of his father's letters before sending them.

In his letter of 10 August 1841 Sutherland gives indications of unrest among the settlers. There had been two more indifferent crops, owing to drought. There was a lack of work. True, in the summer young men could go "Voyaging on Boats to York Factory but the work is so laborious that some kill themselves by it, and many are sprung and so disabled that it makes old men of them before they come to the prime of life". There was also buffalo hunting; "but it is a blackguard kind of life and no one will follow it that has any regard to character." So ". . . a kind of Mania got in the people here to go to the Columbia River on the N W^{t} Coast of this continent and on the 1st of June about 100 Souls start to go there with horses Oxen and Carts. . . ."

One of Sutherland's grand-daughters and her husband were among the number. William was now "generaly in misery & to day he cannot command a Shiling." His married son James, his other sons, two married daughters, and several grand-children were dependent on him. Several people had tried their fortune in the States, but had been unsuccessful.

Things were definitely changing at Red River. In 1842 (letter of 10 August) Sutherland was preparing to build a new house to replace Strawberry Point ("300£ will not finish it") and he was endeavouring to keep his sons "more decent than those young men about me". This was necessary because:

We have now here some rich old fellows that has acquired large fortunes in the service, have got married to European females and cut a dash and have introduced a system of extravagance in the place that is followed by all that can afford it, and I to keep up a little respectability have followed

it in a small way, my housekeeping expences is double of what they were when I first came to Red River.

This is the very last line we have from James. He died at his home on the first day of October 1844. In a letter written the following July his son-in-law Robert Clouston* gave the news. He had been acting as usual, going to church in his gig, driving out to dine with an old friend, taking supper with his own large household. After supper he complained to his housekeeper that he was unwell and took some medicine. "The old woman put a Candle on the table he asked for a bowl of milk she gave him and she went to bed at twelve o clock or thereabout the woman either heard or Dreamed she heard a noise for she had been asleep, rose and went into the Bedroom on entering the room the Candle still burning she found him laying on the floor apperantly falen as he was laying on his face."

The funeral took place the next day. Robert Clouston went on, "The funeral was Conducted by myself agreable to the request of the family a great number of people with two ministers and all the protestant Gentlemen of the Colony."

The story of the family is continued for a little while by Roderick, in two long, thoughtful letters with a pronounced streak of piety. He wrote to his uncle 6 August 1845 that there had been a good harvest, already being reaped. Sir George Simpson had spent three weeks in the Settlement in June, as busy "as the Gokies Bokies and other infernal imps who were supposed to be let loose on Halloween making arrangements for the future benefit of the Colony". The H B C had undertaken to set up a distillery, to which the settlers might send their surplus barley; but there was another reason, for "there are 100 petty Stills in daily use in the Settlement". The Company proposed to sell their whisky at five shillings a gallon, "however they are to licence respectable individuals to sell for them in smaller quantities". A great many Canadian half-breeds had taken the pledge, "and ones that were habitual drunkards have become sober men, all this being done through the influence of their Bishop."

To halt the decline in the settlement, the Council of Assiniboia were considering the award of prizes to the best manufacturers of cloth and linen and the best agriculturists. But, thought Roderick, who was running a little school while his brothers worked on the farm:

> Red River is going to the back ground fast, and I think property will not be very safe soon, as all the Buffaloe hunters have again returned empty, the buffaloe being drove off by the indians, as I told you in my last letter [not preserved] what these poor wretches will do is beyond my comprehension as they have no crops and no means to buy any thing with. It is imagined by a great many they will turn free booters and take from them that has. . . .

When he wrote again (on 6 August 1846) the Settlement had been ravaged by a deadly form of dysentery: ". . . it is no uncommon thing to see six or even more burials in two days, and in some days as many as five deaths." In addition, all the wheat was affected by mildew. Provisions were being bought for a regiment of soldiers who were expected. Roderick was a critic of the H B C, and declared:

> Time alone will determine the result of all the great preparations making in R R, and [I] earnestly hope it will turn out to some good advantage, as the Company have too long held the reins of power they have so opposed the people that I think it is high time they should be checked and I should suppose when under British government we will at last have a better code of laws. . . .

One short letter ten years later, from the younger James Sutherland to his uncle, lifts the curtain for a moment. The spotlight plays on Roderick, who had gone to Oregon with the party of settlers led by James Sinclair who left Red River in 1854. James writes (10 August 1856):

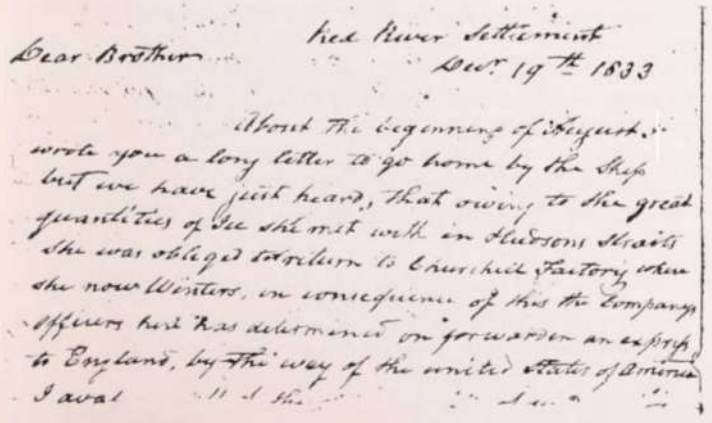
> . . . many different reports are flying here about Rod[k] or rather his wife I fear there is something not right the[y] report here that Rod[ks] wife ran a way with an American officer far better would it been if he never followed or believed that Jas Sinclair who has got his just reward for leading so many to misery I suppose you have hard of J Sinclairs death which took place last March by the Indians who shot him ded at one of the Companys Forts. J Sinclair was to be a Chief Trader this year if his bowl of iniquiety had not run over.

Despite this bad news, and heavily biased attitude towards Sinclair, there was also an optimistic note:

> Red River Settlement is beginning to improve in every way there was upwards of 300 carts to the states from here this spring for goods Thrashing Mills and reapers and now John Tait Brother of Jas Tait is off for a Steam Mill public concern 50£ each share I here the machinery has cost 500£ already at the states and Tait goes with 30 oxen to bring it here.

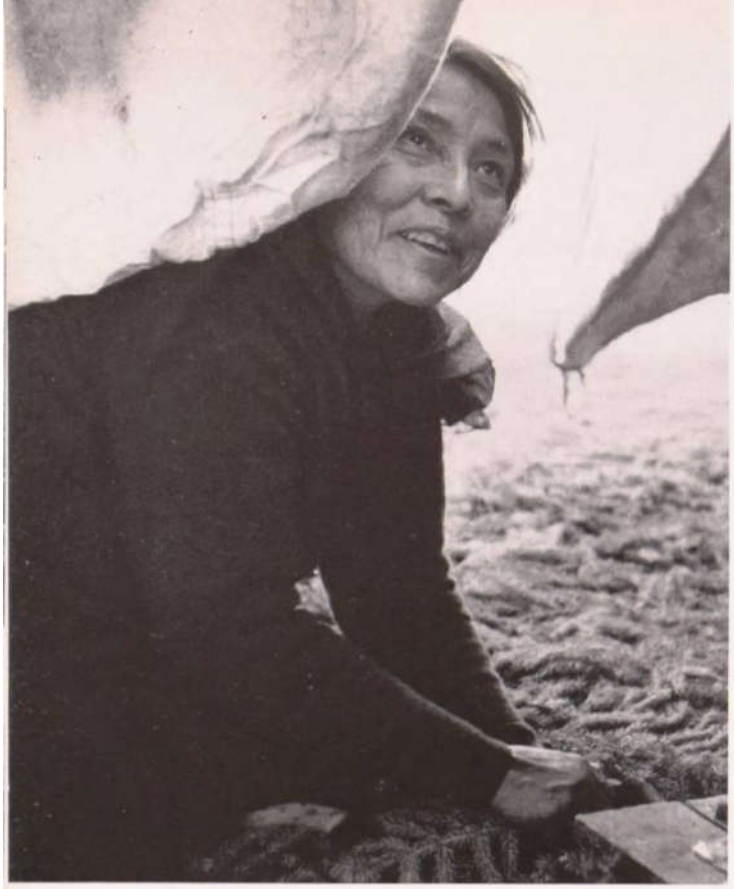
Incomplete as they are, these letters give a very human picture of the fortunes of a pioneer family, and of life in a place and period of which every record is valuable. ◆

*This Robert Clouston from Orphir, Orkney, who had married Nancy Sutherland, was not the H B C clerk of the same name who came from Orkney to Red River in 1842 (and later married Jessy Ross), some of whose letters were published in *The Beaver*, Spring and Autumn 1961.



Red River Settlement
Dear Brother ... Decr 19th 1833
About the beginning of August ... wrote you a long letter to go home by the Ship but we have just heard, that owing to the great quantities of Ice she met with in Hudsons Straits she was obliged to return to Churchill Factory, where she now Winters, in consequence of this the Company Officers here has determined on forwarding an express to England, by the way of the United States of America I avail ... the ... Ice ...

A fragment of one of James Sutherland's letters to his brother at Knockhall.



BY JUNE HELM AND VITAL THOMAS

In the course of ethnological work among the Dogrib Indians (a branch of the Athapaskan or Déné linguistic family) at Rae, north of Great Slave Lake in the Northwest Territories, Dr Helm was assisted by Vital Thomas of that community. During study sessions or over a cup of tea afterwards, some incident discussed would recall to Vital the folk-tales of his people. These stories Dr Helm recorded and from them she selected a Dogrib Sampler of which this is the second part.

TALES FROM THE DOGRIBS

HOW THINGS ARE AND HOW PEOPLE SHOULD BE

The first story is a fish story in both senses of the phrase. The following tale tells something of the nature and uses of "medicine", that magical power known in the native tongue as ink'on. It also instructs in the behaviour proper to a good woman and a good son-in-law. The final tale, revealing, as does the first story, something of the Dogrib sense of humour, hinges on Déné decorum and manners.—J.H.

A FISH STORY

There used to be an old fellow named Lego. He knew everything about fish. There is a story about his father that explains it. They say that one time no one had anything to eat. All the people had to set rabbit snares to stay alive, and old Lego's father set snares with the rest. But when he visited his snares one day, he came back with a loche. Pretty hard to believe! But, anyway, the people say that is why Lego always talked about fish: his father knew all about loche—he caught one once in a rabbit snare!

Here is what Lego used to tell about the loche. All winter, the loche has been so long in the deepest part of the lake. When spring comes, he starts back to the shore. He follows the edge of the rocks along the shore until he finds a little corner, like a little cleft in the rock. The loche works his way into that cleft tail first, until only his nose is sticking out, and it looks just like a rock.

Now the loche has a thread hanging down from his chin. Once he is in that cleft in the rock he opens his mouth as wide as he can and he starts to wriggle that little thread. He just keeps moving it, and pretty soon the young fish that follow the shore come up and start to play with it. They think it is another little fish. When the little fish get good and thick, the loche gives a real good swallow. And then he starts wiggling his thread again. Finally he is all filled with little fish. Then he goes way out in the deepest part of the lake and he lays there for many days. When he gets hungry he comes back to shore and he does the same thing.

In the fall, before freezeup, the loche goes out to cache all those little fishes he has in his belly. Once he has put

his cache in a deep place he starts to travel and that is the time you can catch loche once in a while. Finally, when deep winter comes he lays down deep in the lake where his cache is. He lives off that cache all winter. But when March comes, it's just like he knows the calendar, he starts to travel again.

THE BOY WITH THUNDER MEDICINE IN THE LAND OF THE ICEBERGS

Once there was a young man who told his father and mother, "I think I will go for a walk so I can find some people." When he said this, his father and mother knew that he wanted to get married. His father said to him, "I can't stop you. But don't go to the iceberg country, stay inland. In the iceberg country the ice is so thick you can't set a net."

Now that boy had great medicine. Medicine men have all different kinds of medicine, some get it from wolves, others from caribou or bears. This young fellow had a spirit (*ink'on*) from the thunder. But the boy knew you've got to hide medicine and never mention it. Even now you can't talk to a man about his medicine. If a man talks about his medicine, his medicine gets weak.

The boy thought he was so smart because of his medicine that he decided, "I'm going into the iceberg country to get a wife." He started travelling. Finally the boy reached a camp in the iceberg country. He went around the camp looking for a girl. Some of the girls were showing themselves outside of their tents, trying to make love to him. But in those days, a girl who kept working was the good woman. Finally the boy found a good girl who did not come out to look at him but stayed inside, working. So he camped there beside her tent. The next day, before daybreak, he went for a big pile of wood. That's what they did in those days. He did it to please the old man and woman whose daughter he was courting.

After a while the old man, the father of the girl, began telling the boy about the ice. Now, in the iceberg country the ice is six or twelve feet thick. It never melts. So in that country, if a boy can dig a hole through the ice, a man has to give his daughter to him, because he is so pleased to find such a strong son-in-law. The old man said, "I'm too old. I can't set a net because the ice is too deep to chop through. I just bum fish from other people. That's how I have to live."

The boy made a willow bark net. Then he started to make an ice chisel so he could set the net under the ice. The ice is so thick in that country that the handle on an ice chisel has to be four fathoms long. The young man thought it was the same as inland, where you need a handle just one fathom long. When the old woman saw the boy making the handle for his ice chisel she said to her husband "Poor boy, he doesn't know about the ice here. He is going to have trouble. You better tell him that he needs a long handle". But the old man knew: "That boy must have something in his head. He must be able to do something with a short handle." So the old man said nothing.

The old woman warned the boy, "The ice here is so thick you can't do much". But the boy had a feather from the thunderbird. He tied that feather to the handle of his ice chisel, and he went out on the ice. When he had decided on the place to set his net, he took his ice chisel and just made one slow movement with his arms. As soon as the chisel touched the ice it was like thunder from a rock. From that first little blow, the ice was cracking. And once again the young man hit the ice and this time he yelled, "Here I am hitting you!" And the ice split apart way out into the ocean. It opened up so wide that the boy set the net with no trouble, just like it was summer-time.

All of the iceberg people came running out and they all set their nets. Gee whiz, everybody was happy with that young fellow. The whole camp had fish from then right until spring. When the young fellow came back to the camp, the old man and old woman took a little birch plate and handed it to their daughter. She took water in it and gave it to the boy to drink. And that meant, "Now we are married."

THE YOUNG MAN WHO DID NOT SHAME HIMSELF BEFORE STRANGERS

A young man got married. His father and mother told the boy and girl how to behave themselves among strangers so that nobody would laugh at them. Even now, some old fellows teach a boy and girl the same thing

Opposite: Laying a new spruce-bough floor in the tent.

Ice fishing at Lac la Martre which yields northern pike, lake trout, and whitefish in the milder winter months.

C. D. STEVENS

Playing the hand game at Rae, 1962; a six to eight hour session is followed by several hours of tea dancing (above).

when they get married: "You should keep your eyes down. Don't watch your husband, don't watch your wife when you are among strangers. Or those strangers may say, 'That boy is looking at his wife. He must be jealous'."

The boy and girl got married in the spring. That fall, after freezeup, there were no caribou on the lakes or in the barrens. Finally word came that there were caribou past Lac la Martre. The Dogrib, the Slavey, and the Shit'at'in [Mountain Indians] from across the Mackenzie all joined together that winter to hunt the caribou. When the snow began to melt in the spring, all the different Indians started back to their own countries for rat [muskrat] hunting.

By this time the young couple had a baby boy named Baptiste. And the young fellow had found a friend, a Mountain Indian boy. When all the peoples began to separate, the Dogrib boy was sad because the Mountain Indian boy was leaving. So he asked his parents if he could spend that spring with his friend and come back to his folks in the fall. His father and mother didn't want it and the girl's father and mother didn't want it. But the boy kept begging, "He is so good to me. I have lost all my brothers and I am just alone with my parents. It's like I found a brother." So finally the parents said, "Okay, if you come back next fall."

So the young man and his wife spent the spring in the mountains with his friend. After the spring hunt, they all went to a big meeting place. The trading chief of the Mountain Indians got all kinds of stuff from the trader and he made a feast. In those days, all the trading chiefs got feasts from the Hudson's Bay. The Bay still gives our chief stuff for a feast.

Then the people began to dance. When there was a full crowd, the Dogrib boy started to dance, because strangers might say he was jealous if he stayed out of the dance. We would say the same thing now.

So the Dogrib boy and his wife jumped into the dance circle. You know how it is, when someone wants to get into the dance he separates two other people and gets in between them. So, as the people kept coming into the ring, the boy's wife got moved 'way across the circle from him. And the people were dancing, dancing all that night, all the next day, and when night came again, that young man was so hungry and so weak. His wife was 'way across the circle and he didn't want to yell to her, "I'm hungry! Cook something for me!" And he didn't want to leave the dance to talk to his wife because people might say he was jealous.

At last, the songs were getting pretty low. Everybody was pretty near all in, they were waiting for someone to make a song. They were all tired but they were waiting for another song. And the boy didn't know what to do, he was so hungry and tired. Pretty soon the sun started to rise again. So he said to himself, "I better figure some way to tell my wife that I want her to cook something for me." So he started to sing, "*Mbadzi wemon, lidi warewo*"—"Baptiste's mother, I feel like having a drink of tea." It was a new song, a pretty good one. When the band heard that song they all started going again.

At last, his wife knew her husband couldn't say [anything directly to her] but he must be hungry. So she went to cook for him. While her husband ate she went back to the dance again. And all those people danced for two more days without stopping.

The young man didn't want to come out and say anything to his wife, because he was a Dogrib and everyone else were strangers. His father and mother had told him how to behave before strangers so he wouldn't shame himself. In the old days I heard that song once. ◆

NORTHERN BOOKS

TRAIL TO THE INTERIOR

By R. M. Patterson. Macmillan of Canada, Toronto, 1955. 255 pages, illus., bibliog., maps, $6.00

Reviewed by Douglas Leechman

Every river has its history, sometimes recorded but more often not. Some great rivers are for ever associated with the names of certain men: the Nile with Speke, the Zambesi with Livingstone, the Mississippi with Joliet. Other smaller rivers have their champions too, such as the Skeena of which Dr Large has written, the Saskatchewan recorded by Marjorie Campbell, and now R. M. Patterson presents us with the Stikine, which flows through northwestern British Columbia, whose history he has painstakingly researched from its first discovery almost up to today.

The Stikine has had its ups and downs in its turbulent career. Unfrequented, almost forgotten, for years, it erupts suddenly in violent activity with men performing almost superhuman feats in their efforts to get themselves and their possessions from one point to another, generally doing it the hard way. Long before any white man saw the Stikine the coastal Tlinkits had been using it as a trail to the interior where, once a year, they met with the inland Indians in a great trading camp with hundreds of people from many miles around, trading dry salmon for oolachen oil, buckskins for dentalium shells, and slaves for jade tools.

Nearly every expedition up the Stikine has had the same drive—financial gain. The Indians "made money" in their trade fair, and when Buck Choquette struck gold there in 1861 he started off a gold rush which brought hundreds of miners to struggle against one of the toughest rivers ever. When that subsided, the Cassiar called, and then the Klondike, and the white man followed the call of gold: miner, trader, packer, preacher, gambler, dancer, soldier, policeman, trapper, and prostitute.

There are a thousand tales of the Stikine, and many of them appear in this most readable book. One that is not told is the tale of a Russian officer and some of his men who set out one morning to explore the lower parts of the Great Glacier and, though a search for them was made, were never heard from again. This was the same Great Glacier that not so many years ago extended clear across the valley with a tunnel cut beneath the ice by the river. Wondering if one could get through safely, the Indians sent a woman down in a canoe. She came out at the lower end all right, unharmed but somewhat indignant.

Yes, a thousand tales. Never again can one say that history is dull stuff. They are good tales, tales of the North, well told, with no need of exaggeration or invention. But the tales are only the adornments; the true fabric of the book is the history of the Stikine which, on this part of the Coast is, indeed, The Trail to the Interior.

There are numerous bibliographical references, but no index, and the foot notes have become back notes which leads to a lot of frustrating turning of pages back and forth. The end-paper maps are a bit difficult to read, but these are minor inconveniences in a thoroughly enjoyable and important book by one of Canada's best-known authors.

Dr Leechman is known throughout Canada as author, lecturer, and anthropologist.

THE NEW PEOPLE

The Eskimo's Journey Into Our Time

By Edith Iglauer. Doubleday Canada Ltd., Toronto, 1966. 205 pages, map. $5.00

Reviewed by Frank G. Vallee

I thought this a very good book, although the title gives a false impression of sweep and scope not actually covered by the author. With only four brief journeys into the Central and Eastern Arctic as first-hand experience, Miss Iglauer has shaped a plausible impression of the transition through which certain groups of Eskimos are passing. She does this, not as an analyst, but as a reporter, evoking in the reader the feelings she had about events and people by setting down what at times appears to be a diary account of her days in the Arctic. She is a superb reporter. Reading the book, one has the feeling of watching a vivid documentary movie in which the camera depicts scene after scene with a uniformly high photographic quality, whether the subject of the scene be dramatic or commonplace.

The contents of the book are, with the exception of one section, revised versions of articles which Miss Iglauer published in *The New Yorker*, giving her impressions, among other things, of how the programs of the Industrial Division of the Department of Northern Affairs look on the ground, as it were. The chief of these programs is that of co-operative development. On her initial visit, in 1961, she went to George River and Port Burwell in the Ungava region, where the first Arctic co-operatives had been launched by the Department of Northern Affairs. Her second visit took her to Frobisher Bay where, in early 1963, the first conference of Arctic co-operatives was held, bringing together people from all parts of the Canadian Arctic to exchange experiences and ideas and to work up feelings of solidarity and enthusiasm for the movement. Her third visit was in the spring of 1964, and took her to the Keewatin District around which she accompanied officials of the Industrial Division while they tested the progress of food canning experiments. Her final visit was in the summer of the same year when she returned for a few days to George River and was quite astonished at the magnitude of the changes which had occurred since 1961.

Because the activities upon which her attention focused were novel for the Arctic and because the people behind these activities were so innovative and dynamic, a current of excitement runs through the book. Although Miss Iglauer does not 'pay tribute' to individuals in an explicit way, by implication several of the Whites and Eskimos in the leading waves of innovation assume almost heroic proportions. In the big picture, they would be evaluated perhaps as lively and imaginative civil servants and their helpers, carrying out community development programs. But in the context of a small community,

such as George River, these men loom as folk heroes, working mightily to revive the spirit and pride of disconsolate people on the edge of a crumbling old world. Some of these heroes, like Don Snowden, former head of the Industrial Division, and Paul Godt, his officer in charge of co-operative development, literally worked themselves into hospital with serious illnesses before they left the northern stage. Others, like Jon Evans, Erich Hofmann, Don Pruden, and Alex Sprudzs, are still on the job. Certain fired-up Eskimos, inspired by men such as these, continue to build on the early foundations. We are all of us fortunate that Miss Iglauer was present to chronicle some of their trials, errors, frustrations, exultations, bafflement, and sense of wonder at what they were doing. Whoever first suggested to Miss Edith Iglauer that she visit the Canadian Arctic deserves a medal.

Professor Vallee who is with the Department of Sociology at Carleton University formerly served with the Northern Co-ordination and Research Centre and has had considerable Arctic experience.

THE NUNAMIUT ESKIMOS: HUNTERS OF CARIBOU

By Nicholas J. Gubser. Yale University Press, New Haven, McGill University Press, Montreal, 1965. 384 pages, bibliog., index. $8.50

Reviewed by David Damas

Gubser's book is both interesting and fact-filled, combining a wealth of data on these Eskimos of arctic Alaska with a lively and personal presentation.

The preface contains a brief description of the author's methods, outlining his participant-observer approach and his endeavours to learn the language. To one who has attempted the same task Gubser's progress in Eskimo seems remarkable but believable.

A review of historical accounts and early European contacts follows. Unfortunately this section is marred by several errors. For instance, "British influence came from the east in 1770, when a ship sponsored by the Hudson's Bay Company reached the Coppermine River." This statement can refer only to Hearne's overland journey of 1771. A. H. Murray is referred to as "a company man named MacMurray" and students of Arctic exploration will be surprised to learn that Franklin explored the north coast of Alaska in 1826 "under the sponsorship of the Hudson's Bay Company". The treatment of the historical background is, however, peripheral to the main subject matter.

The next chapter discusses history from the view point of the Nunamiut as it is revealed in their oral tradition. This tradition is presented as "ethnohistory", a concept which though presenting an interesting parallel with "ethnobotany" or "ethnozoology" would probably be challenged by those anthropologists who deal with documentary material.

The chapters on the family and household, kinship and non-kinship relations and the band are carefully presented and documented with detailed descriptions which are far more meaningful than the bland statements about "bride service" or "matrilocality" which abound in the anthropological literature on these subjects. Particularly well done is the chapter on kinship. Gubser's description of the terminological system is perhaps the most complete treatment of kinship behaviour available for any Eskimo group. Throughout much of the book he has attempted the difficult task of writing for a wide audience on somewhat specialized topics. He may have failed in this task in his sophisticated treatment of Nunamiut kinship.

In the chapter on the band he presents valuable material for comparison with information on Central Eskimo bands which has recently become available. That unit is well circumscribed and the pattern of seasonal dispersal and coalescence is detailed enough to provide a picture that can be compared with studies of other band societies in order to achieve generalizations about bands on a wide scale.

In the later chapters of the book Gubser admits us to the inner life of the people to a far greater extent than do most ethnographers of the Eskimo. The liberal use of Eskimo folklore in his account allows insight into their mentality and their view of the world and contributes greatly to enhancing the interest of the reader.

The organization of the book does appear faulty for there seems to be an avoidable amount of repetition. For example, problems of Nunamiut-Indian contacts appear in Chapters 1, 2 and 5 as well as in the Appendix. This matter could probably be better handled as a unit earlier in the book. The reasons for placing the chapters "The World of Nature" and "The Caribou" at the end of the book are obscure when, as the author points out, the ecological basis of Nunamiut society is so pertinent. Surely an earlier inclusion of this material would have resulted in a more meaningful sequence.

Some comparisons between the Nunamiut and the Caribou Eskimo of the Keewatin area are inevitable. Despite the basic similarity of principal reliance on the caribou it is possible to detect important contrasts. The Caribou Eskimo were segmented into smaller bands and their relations with coastal Eskimo were less frequent and less structured than those of the Nunamiut with other coastal groups. The Caribou Eskimo also had far fewer contacts with the Indians, especially those which involved warfare. The basic social and cultural differences of these two groups are related to their geographical locations. The Nunamiut in many ways reflect a generalized North Alaskan culture while the Caribou Eskimo culture can best be appreciated as an offshoot of basic Central Eskimo patterns.

Theoretically aimed analyses or more elegant portrayals of the social structure of the Nunamiut do exist (in works by Posposil and Laughlin, 1963, and Posposil 1964). However for a fuller description of the wide range of their social life and their culture, Gubser's book will satisfy the professional anthropologist as well as the general reader. The author has proved himself an able observer and has produced an authoritative work that should take its place among the better ethnographies of the Eskimo. In doing so he demonstrates how long-termed participant-observer studies can enrich our knowledge of that people.

Dr Damas who is acting chief of the Ethnology Division of the National Museum of Canada has made a special study of Canadian Eskimos.

ALASKA The Northernmost State As It Is Today

By Bob and Ira Spring and Byron Fish. Superior Publishing Company, Seattle, 1966. 159 pages, illus. $12.95 (U.S.)

This is one of the most beautiful books to come from the Superior Publishing Company which has specialized in picture books of the old West. Ghost towns and old forts have been the subjects of some of this series of western pictorials which have provided interesting photographs

though at times the reproduction has left something to be desired. Not so in this case where, except for a slight greyness here and there, justice is done to the excellent photography of the Spring brothers. All but eight pictures are by the Springs and they range from Chilkat dancers and St Michael's cathedral (among others) in colour, to ski lodge, city scenes, fishing fleets, mountain glaciers, Eskimo umiaks, and relics of the gold rush —all part of the kaleidoscope of Alaska.

The state is divided loosely into five sections, with a few intermediate chapters, and each is introduced with a short text by Byron Fish. These brief articles together with the carefully written fairly lengthy captions to the pictures give a good outline of the background of Alaskan history and the past and present of its people.

The location of Alaska being what it is, the only access by road is through Canadian territory (perhaps a counter-irritant to the northern British Columbians who are cut off from the sea by the panhandle!) so the Alaska Highway and White Pass come into the picture. There are fine photographs of the Inside Passage and of scenes in the Yukon.

Clear endpaper maps are a good feature that is too often neglected and each chapter head has a small map locating the area immediately concerned. If a second edition is printed, Point Hope, Shenya, and Yakutat might usefully be added to the map.

This is a book to lure the visitor, and a good one to have alongside for graphic amplification when studying the more serious histories of the state which have recently been appearing, in anticipation of the 1967 centenary of its purchase from Russia. *M.B.*

MUSKOXEN IN CANADA

A Biological and Taxonomic Review

By J. S. Tener. Queen's Printer, Ottawa, 1966. 166 pages, illus., map in pocket. Paperback, $3.25

Reviewed by William O. Pruitt, Jr.

In this definitive work on one of the Northland's most fascinating animals, the Canadian Wildlife Service continues its excellent "Monograph" series. It is surprising how many fables have grown up around the muskox and Dr Tener's book should be in the hands of all whose trails cross those of the beast. The book is the result of some ten years' field and laboratory investigation. Dr Tener presents all the known information on numbers, distribution, environment, range, food, biology and adaptations, economic role and taxonomic variation.

The total population of this species in Canada is about 10,000 individuals. They inhabit, generally, cold, dry areas of the true Arctic. Dr Tener's calculations of productivity of different ranges are of considerable practical as well as theoretical interest. His data on nutritional qualities of various species of plants are also of value. Tener's data emphasize the need for much research on seasonal and habitat variations in nutritional qualities of northern plants. I suspect the keys to several ecological puzzles lie in such understanding.

One tale still not laid to rest completely is that of the "musk" whence the animal gets its name. The literature is replete with widely-varying tales of the musk's potency or its complete absence. Dr Tener found no evidence of any musky odour, other than the characteristic bovid odour, during his study.

One's respect for the muskox increases when one analyzes the conditions under which newborn calves enter the world. Calving occurs from mid-April to mid-June. The early calves may enter the world in temperatures as low as −30°F, with high winds and drifting snow. Only the emperor penguin has its young under such severe conditions. The actual production of calves is lower than that for most other North American ungulates but, once born, the calf has about the same chance of survival as other ungulates. Such excellent survival in the face of the exceedingly rigorous environment is a result not only of the vigour of the calves themselves but also because of maternal care, social relations within the herd and the prolonged lactation period.

Muskoxen have been of highest economic importance in the lives of the Eskimo and some of the northern Indians. It is doubtful if exploration of the Canadian Arctic could have occurred in pre-aircraft days without the use of muskoxen for meat and sleeping robes. The explorers' use of the animals resulted in severe depletion of the herds in many areas. Commercial hunting for skins and meat also contributed to the near-extinction of the muskox. The strict protection afforded the muskox since 1917 has enabled the species to make a remarkable recovery. The very factors that enable this species to live in the Arctic work against possession of high reproductive potential. Thus any present utilization is limited to research needs. "Sport" hunting is out of the question, now and in the foreseeable future.

Dr Tener's book emphasizes the need for much further research on the muskox, particularly on captive animals. Here we have another reason for an Arctic Biological Station, situated in the rigorous tundra environment, where detailed studies on the nutrition and behaviour of such mammals can be carried out.

This is a valuable book and should be in the library of every boreal biologist, as well as in the hands of Northerners in general.

Dr Pruitt is associate professor of biology at Memorial University of Newfoundland and an authority on northern ecology.

THE FUR TRADER AND THE INDIAN

By Lewis O. Saum. University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1965. 324 pages. Bibliography. Index. $7.50 (U.S.)

Reviewed by Douglas Leechman

Surely nowhere is there a more intensive study of the North American Indian as a person than we have here. It shows him through the eyes of the man who, perhaps, knew him best—the fur trader. We have to remember that there probably were more than a million Indians north of Mexico when the fur trade was at its height, and each of these was an individual with his own character and personality; and there may have been a thousand fur traders, or more, each of whom saw the Indian in a different way. Generalizations are dangerous, for the wider the generalization, the less its accuracy and value.

Dr Saum is well aware of this danger and is careful to say just which group of Indians he is dealing with and who is describing them. Some accounts are flattering, with overtones of the "Noble Savage", others are violent condemnations, some are tinged with an amused condescension, others reek of religious piety, but all contribute to this fine study of the personal relations of these two groups of men, the Indian and the fur trader. The research work has been exhaustive, nor has a natural desire for a complete survey misled the author into quoting material of dubious pertinence or little value.

Many aspects of "the Indian" are dealt with in the hundreds of quota-

tions, detailing his mental, moral, and physical characteristics, his eloquence, his personal demeanour, his honesty or lack of it, and his intelligence. Incidentally, the light reflected on the author of the particular passage quoted is something to bear in mind, too. Often, it must be admitted, the quotations are of more interest than the point they are intended to illuminate.

This is, I feel, a book that will be read once but will not often be referred to again, except to consult the admirable bibliography. Nor is it an easy book to read for the style is at times cumbersome and the argument not always quite clear. The meaning of the expression "to curry rapport" at the top of page 4 still eludes me completely.

Dr Leechman is the author of "Native Tribes of Canada" and of numerous monographs for the National Museum on aspects of Indian life.

DICTIONARY OF CANADIAN BIOGRAPHY

Vol. I, 1000 to 1700 A.D.

Eds. George W. Brown, Marcel Trudel, Andre Vachon. University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 1966. 755 pages, 594 articles. $15.00

This is a magnificent monument and one could wish that those who set store by marble sepulchres were as enlightened as Mr James Nicholson. This business man was a keen reader and student whose study of books and people brought him much satisfaction. In reading he sought for more knowledge and he was always aware of the lack of information readily available about Canadian personages, a lack he planned to correct. He gave much thought to his projected Dictionary and set down details as to how his plan was to be fulfilled. With his generous bequest (made available in her lifetime by the kindness of Mrs Nicholson) and a grant from the Canada Council the plan has been most admirably initiated by those entrusted with the task. Great credit goes to the late Dr George Brown, editor in chief, under whose guidance the pattern was established.

But if this is a monument, let it not be put on a pedestal (or a reference shelf) and looked at from afar. It is a story book, full of fascinating tales about an amazing variety of characters. The explorer, the Indian, the Norseman, the religieuse, the pirate, the pioneer woman: just start on one that takes the fancy and you will be led on from one to another until—as we found—all the time in a weekend is gone and we have only taken a sampling of the book.

There are sixty-five biographies of Indians which, considering the lack of written records among their own people is a remarkable step towards recognition of some of the earliest notable Canadians. Read the story of Pastedechouan, the Montagnais who was taken to Europe, became proficient in Latin and French, and after his return to his native land in 1626 was the sad victim of opposing cultures, at home with neither of the invading peoples or with the ways of his medicine-man brother. Or take Dekanahwideh, reputed founder of the Iroquoian Confederacy who sought to establish peace among the nations and is associated with legends of virgin birth and performance of miracles. Or read of the machinations of Tessouat of Allumette Island who took toll of traffic on the Ottawa River and astutely played French against Indian and tribe against tribe.

Predominant of course in the period covered are the names associated with New France, adventurers, missionaries, soldiers, officials, lords of the seigneuries. Some of them have full-length articles ranging up to 10,000 words which give not only the story of a life but a picture of contemporary history in North America. Their predecessors from Europe, the Norsemen, are here too, as are thirty-four Hudson's Bay Company men.

Of the women subjects, there are short entries for such as the wife of Champlain (Hélène Boullé), and the wife of Governor d'Ailleboust, but the majority, of whom there are good records, were associated with the religious life, be they emigrants from France, or Indian converts. The stories of these courageous women are full of interest. There was Marguerite Bourgeoys who went to Ville-Marie in 1653 to teach, instigated the construction of Notre-Dame-de-Bon-Secours which still stands, ran the matrimonial agency for girls from France sent out to start families, opened a boarding school for the elite, set up training schools for the less favoured, and founded a string of small schools which included Indian girls, and at the age of 78 wrote her memoirs. Or the strange story of Marie Guyart who abandoned her young son to enter a convent, went to Quebec in 1639 where she founded the Ursuline Order in New France and proved herself an excellent business woman, set up a boarding school, and wrote an Algonkin dictionary. One woman of different calibre who might perhaps have been included was the aggressive Freydis, sister of Leif Eiriksson, who led an expedition to winter in Vinland and had most of her companions murdered.

Many of the biographies being quite short has made possible the inclusion of a number of obscure persons worth remembering. Even so, less than half the names tentatively considered were included. A name file of those not in the DCB is being maintained for research purposes.

The background of the period is set in introductory essays: on the Northern Approaches by T. J. Oleson and W. L. Morton; on the Atlantic Region by George MacBeath, and on New France by Marcel Trudel; and a helpful survey of the Indians of the northeast is contributed by Jacques Rousseau and George Brown.

The articles are scholarly, but not heavy. The writer is called on to appraise a career, in fairness giving opposing views that may exist, which makes for more lively writing than a bald record of facts.

An appendix covers people whose presence in Canada is uncertain, such as the Irish abbot Brendan, Spanish navigator Maldonado, and Welsh Madoc.

The decision to publish the DCB by periods was a very happy one since volumes can be produced without waiting for the lapse of many years until the entire work is completed (the Dictionary of National Biography in Britain was nearly sixteen years under way) creating a revision problem, and the self-contained nature of each volume makes it more interesting as a book. It also makes possible an index of cross-references, and where there might be an overlap the index marks names that will be in the following issue.

This volume is a treasure. The succeeding ones will probably have fewer and longer biographies, with more material available. If the high standard of the first is maintained it will be a splendid achievement and one of which Mr Nicholson would have been proud.

Even with the best and most careful editing it is impossible to catch every slip though there would seem to be remarkably few, though when we sought the correct form of a name for guidance, we found on p. 465 Sainte-Hélène and Saint-Hélène, and Iberville and d'Iberville, and an unfortunate transposition of figures (117 for 711) in the contents page. *MB.*

ESKIMO TOWNSMEN

By John J. and Irma Honigmann. The Canadian Research Centre for Anthropology, University of Ottawa, Oblate Avenue, Ottawa 1, Ont. 1965. 278 pages, illus. $6.50 (paper cover).

Reviewed by Robert Williamson

Frobisher Bay has been, for more than a decade, popularly held up as various kinds of an example. By some, it has been displayed as a "model town", a brilliant socio-economic development, a well-designed springboard for the government-inspired Eskimo "overnight leap from the Stone Age to the Atomic Age". By others it has been deplored as a horrible demonstration of administrative naïvité, disorientation and bungling, leading the Eskimo into a condition of depravity, hopelessness and loss of cultural identity and pride. Frobisher Bay is a name which has aroused controversy since Sir Martin Frobisher discovered "Fool's Gold" there while looking for Cathay in 1576, and the local resident who hastened one of the bold Elizabethans on his way to England with an arrow in his posterior was the first Frobisher Bay Eskimo to send a white man back to headquarters with something to think about. Thorough, and continuing research in the social sciences has long been needed in this place.

The means of communication is for the social scientist not only a vital tool which he must possess, but ideally an object of analysis itself. In Frobisher most researchers, lacking knowledge of Eskimo, have been severely frustrated in their work because all the best interpreters are of course fully occupied already, and those of us who understand the language at any great depth are unfortunately very few indeed. It would seem almost inevitable that when a more encompassing job of anthropological research finally comes to be done at Frobisher it is the Honigmanns who should undertake it.

John and Irma Honigmann, who are no strangers in the Canadian north, brought to Frobisher a background of work among Eskimos and Indians in a variety of locations. They are known for their ease of rapport in the field, industriousness with the pen, and the balanced and sensitive distinction of their work. Their Frobisher Bay study is, for northern people and anyone interested in acculturation, an important and timely book. Considering the substantial difficulties which hampered their field-work and the relatively short period of their stay (five months) the Honigmanns have produced a very useful work of reference. Naturally it does not provide all the answers to the problems created by instant urbanization. It should not and does not set out to do so. With the proper detachment of professional anthropologists, the Honigmanns state at the outset seven quite specific areas of enquiry, *viz.* the larger social organization patterns and the circumstances to which such patterns were a response: the attitudes and values of the Eskimo way of life, including their responses to town life: the development and function of personality: and patterns of child rearing and the conditioning circumstances. They also sought to document what the Eskimos are learning, what happens in and the meaning of their use of alcohol, and what was the role of the Rehabilitation Centre. All of these aspects they sought to understand in the total social context of the town of Frobisher Bay. They came, of course, to the obvious realization that they must fully include in their study the institutions of the non-indigenous population of Frobisher Bay with which the Eskimos interact so vitally, which are profoundly important as a source of acculturative influences, and which in fact—as the book reiterates—govern, initiate or shape so much of the lives of the Frobisher Bay people.

The report is presented in a discursive, at times almost conversational, style which renders it more widely readable than many anthropological monographs. There are moreover 151 excellent and well-selected photographs, which comprise in themselves a vivid and perceptive body of documentation. However, though substantially and variously documented, and offering a total of thirty-eight tables covering everything from demography to housing and from liquor statistics to election results, the material is not digested with ultimate thoroughness and the argument occasionally lacks straightforwardness and clarity. However, the scientist can only carry his data so far, and the descriptive material of the book is extensive and evocative.

The Honigmanns' material demonstrates that this widely-scattered township of people from all parts of the Arctic is by no means in the advanced state of utter social disorganization which they had been led to expect. Without minimizing it they give to the question of Eskimo drinking a firmer sense of proportion. Dealing with the Eskimos as workers, the authors enquired closely into a wide variety of the relevant records and cultural factors, and are brought to the conclusion that "Eskimos who hold jobs in Frobisher Bay must be credited with having achieved substantial cultural reorientation." At the same time they recognize the degree to which the people have retained their respect for Eskimo traditional pursuits. Going beyond this, however, they observe that despite all the interaction between Eskimos and Whites in formal or organizational settings there is still a very basic social bifurcation along ethnic lines. They suggest moreover that as the Eskimos develop their leadership and organizational strengths, they are gradually increasing the pressure to gain Eskimo participation in roles, ways of living and decision-making processes that have hitherto been the monopoly of the Whites, with a resulting emergence of tension between the two groups. The Honigmanns point out that the Eskimos are culturally well-prepared to minimize conflict among themselves, and in this have shown a good example to the Frobisher Bay Whites, among whom internecine animosities have been rife, but they see conflict taking shape across the established socio-ethnic division.

Totally, though reflecting the difficulties which the authors experienced in giving any clear sense of structure to the description of the Frobisher Bay community, this richly-documented and sane book is a very valuable contribution to our generation's agonized attempts to understand contemporary Eskimo acculturation. It clears the pink clouds of the propagandists and offers some reassurance to the criers of doom. Very significantly, it demonstrates clearly the perceptions and aids available from the greater use of the detached social scientist in the north. We need a great deal more such research in the north. It is to be hoped that this need will in part continue to be met by John and Irma Honigmann, and by others as competent, creative and productive as they are.

A resident of Rankin Inlet, Mr Williamson spends part of his time at the University of Saskatchewan where he is professor of anthropology in the Institute for Northern Studies.

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